

# THE READER

## A REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

No. 6.

Saturday, February 7, 1863.

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## A REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

SIR JAMES GRAHAM. By TORRENS M'CULLAGH TORRENS. Volume I. *Saunders, Otley, & Co.* 8vo. 1863.

BIOGRAPHIES should not be published in bits. History can be narrated in volumes, issuing at considerable intervals, for every historical incident has, in itself, from the nature of things, a certain epical completeness, but a man's life is a whole. Even in the very rare cases in which a man's career has two or more dissonant or apparently irreconcilable phases, each must and does shed a light upon all. Who is to understand "Ivan the Terrible" from a narrative telling only his acts while under the influence of his wife? That is the crucial case of all biography, for Ivan the saint became, almost in a moment, Ivan the demon; and, even in that case, no man would aver that the second epoch threw no light on the restrained vigour of the first. In ordinary cases the life, unless complete, is almost unintelligible; and this is specially true of the Life of Sir James Graham. It does not seem so, because most of us remember him so well, that any narrative of his life seems only to add to the completeness of pre-existing knowledge; but a foreigner reading Mr. Torrens's first volume would gain no idea even of the statesman—of the man, Mr. Torrens probably does not intend to give us one. Throughout his first volume he restricts himself absolutely to external facts, gives us no glimpse of the inner workings of Sir James Graham's mind, prints no private letters, gives but one hint of his relation to his domestic world, does not even attempt to explain in any true sense of explanation the course Sir James took in doubtful political crises. He states, for instance, the political creed which induced him, a Reform Bill Minister, to resist the Appropriation Clause; but no glimpse of the many motives which must have actuated him in seceding from Earl Grey's Ministry, or which induced him to exclaim, "There then is an end of the Whigs," is vouchsafed to the reader. He must wait till memoranda and letters and private talk can safely be republished, and meanwhile rest content with an external biography, clever, thin, and cold, and bearing as much relation to the true life of the man as Hansard's reports do to a history of Parliament.

Only on two particulars does Mr. Torrens enter into private detail,—in his history of the family property, and of Sir James Graham's elections. These are consequently in their way interesting, and throw some small light on the character of his subject. So do one or two half unwilling incidental remarks, and so does a very singular tone—one of respectful repulsion—which pervades Mr. Torrens's own writing, while he describes his hero. The effect of the whole, though most unsatisfactory, from the absence of any account of the causes which produced the effects, will be to strengthen the popular view of the character of Sir James Graham. He was, in his strength and weakness, emphatically a Scot, a true son of the man who hurried out of Scotland, took the "debatable land," and turned it into an estate, which Sir James Graham found one of eighteen thousand acres, improvable to any extent. Educated at Westminster and Oxford, he was noted as a young man for

bitter scholarship, which he always used to deride inferior scholars, and a sort of puppyism of manner, which his friends thought transient, but which we suspect was the result of one of his main defects—an over-consciousness of his own individual strength, position, and claims. Trained to politics, his mind took from the first an intense bias towards Whig thought, but always in its Scotch form. He revered independence, and, therefore, freedom; but his real dislike of misgovernment was produced more by hatred of the extravagance, uncertainty, and heavy taxes which always accompany misgovernment, than by any less concrete idea. His first speech, made at Hull, where he spent £6,000 to secure his election, reads like a speech in the early bad manner of Mr. Hume. He was heir to a large encumbered estate; he felt that prices were lowered by bad government, by high taxes, and by an over-interfering foreign system; and so, and not from any abstract idea, he pleaded for reform. The fact made his speeches practical, and subsequently increased his power; but it always enfeebled his oratory, and unfitted him for crises which required a mind capable of giving abstract ideas a concrete application. He failed in his maiden speech, failed in several subsequent speeches, and even when he had learned to speak made a downright *fiasco* of his great speech on Reform. But he succeeded completely in a speech for inquiry into the salaries of the Privy Council, for there his Scottish exactitude and hatred of waste and corruption, combined with a very showy case, gave him an almost irresistible force. So, too, he succeeded in reforming the Naval administration. His arithmetical skill enabled him to enforce in the accounts, till then quite chaotic, an intelligible system; his Scotch hatred of muddle placed every department under some responsible head, and his atrociously bad manners enabled him to defy the subordinates, whose opposition is the general obstacle to retrenchment. This charge of bad manners Mr. Torrens admits, allowing that his hero would be friendly and even cordial with an acquaintance over night, and pass him with a cold bow or listen to him with a sleepy stare in the morning. That manner procured him enemies by the dozen, but it sprang from a quality which frequently yielded strength—a perfect indifference to the feelings of all, except the few bound to him by domestic ties. Mr. Torrens says he was, at home, exceedingly genial and loving—a perfectly explicable phenomenon. All men must love; and it is the men whose love is narrow and concentrated on very few objects who most readily yield to the permanent temptation of strong aristocrats to build a wall between themselves and the outside world. Sir Robert Peel had just the same drawback, though with him it proceeded, we believe, from an inveterate constitutional shyness, which only passed away when in contact with those who he felt understood and respected him.

Sir James Graham, in fact, carried into politics the capacity, no more and no less, which he displayed in private life. Some time before his father's death he obtained his authority to look into the condition of his affairs, and his bitter peremptoriness induced the manager, an honest but muddle-headed man, to resign. Then Sir J. Gra-

ham became absolute, and in a few months he had extricated the estate from its slough, written off arrears, turned out insolvent tenantry,—though in this matter, being essentially Scot, he was clannishly kind,—borrowed £120,000 at interest one third lower than his father had paid, and commenced the system of improvements from which he never departed, and which immensely increased the value of Netherby. Even in this matter, however, he was devoid of all the softer feelings usual to a landholder. Though his family had almost conquered the estate, and made the soil, and built the new manor-house, still he doubted whether his great position paid, and actually proposed to sell Netherby, and join the banking house of Pole, Thornton, Downe, and Co. with the proceeds. To most landowners such a transaction would seem sacrilege, but Sir James Graham felt only that he had not enough money to improve rapidly, that he had not been accepted in Cumberland as representative of the landed interest, and that as a great banker he might have a high commercial position, and a larger interest. Fortunately an old friend and experienced banker told him "to hold fast by Netherby and keep clear of banking," and he accepted the advice. The design did not occupy him long, but it was serious while it lasted, and furnishes curious evidence of that moss-trooping spirit, that inappreciation of the obligation of ordinary ties, which through life adhered to Sir James Graham.

We have almost confined our notice to the non-political side of Sir James Graham's character, for it is this which, as being least known, is the most interesting to the public. Those who desire to know or to renew their knowledge of the elections he fought, the pamphlets he wrote, the speeches he made, and the reforms he effected in the Admiralty, will find Mr. Torrens a safe and tolerably full-minded guide. He is wretchedly cold—his account of the Reform Bill being almost unintelligible from his failure to see or express the burning enthusiasm of the country; but he is lucid, well-informed, and minute, and, like his subject, has a hearty detestation of all that produces extravagance or confusion.

THE INVASION OF THE CRIMEA: its Origin, and an Account of its Progress down to the Death of Lord Raglan. By ALEXANDER WILLIAM KINGLAKE. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons. Vols. I. and II. 8vo. 1863.

## SECOND NOTICE.

THE lapse of years and the handling of politics have greatly changed the author of "Eothen." But slight traces remain in his new work of that sentimentalism which made "Eothen" dear to young ladies, whilst contrasting strangely with an occasional breadth of humour, which commended it to men;—witness the inimitable scene between the Pasha, the Englishman, and the Interpreter. His affectation of style has disappeared, leaving nothing but a certain *recherche*, to use a French term, so that his words seldom seem to have come together of themselves in a sentence, but to have been picked out and carefully fitted in, like the stones in a rich mosaic,—which does not, indeed, prevent great smoothness and harmony of general effect. But what was affectation of style



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is now visible as affectation of thought. Mr. Kinglake affects to be profound, whereas he is only subtle. He affects to be lofty, whereas he is only disdainful. He affects to be moral, and is seldom more than bitter. What, for instance, can be shallower than the morality of the passage about the Exhibition of 1851, which speaks of the Archbishop of Canterbury bringing back "the money changers into the temple," of its not being "thought wrong or impious to give the work the sanction of a religious ceremony?" Till "Do all things to the glory of God" be an obsolete lesson, Mr. Kinglake's sneers on this subject are strangely out of place.

The book, it must be admitted by its worst detractors, is one singularly picturesque, and yet its picturesqueness is not mainly a material picturesqueness, like that of Macaulay, resulting from the grouping together of vivid outward detail, though Mr. Kinglake occasionally shows his mastery over this manner also; it is rather, so to speak, a moral picturesqueness, turning chiefly on the display of character. In Macaulay we generally see the men through the scenes in which they are placed, and realize their stature and costume before themselves. In Mr. Kinglake's work we rather realize the scenes through the men. Not, perhaps, that we ever get to the bottom of any one human soul who figures in his pages,—but the outward signature of that soul, the man's modes of action and habits, the varying expressions of his moral physiognomy, are hit off with vivid skill; indeed we may say that, as a painter of expression, Mr. Kinglake is unsurpassed in contemporary literature. Nothing thus can be happier than the contrasted physiognomies of the Czar Nicholas and Sir Stratford Canning; nothing more perfect than the picture of the demeanour of the Turks, under the influence of the latter, towards the stormy Menschikoff:

The Turks had returned to their old allegiance. They could take their rest, for they knew that Lord Stratford watched. Him they feared, him they trusted, him they obeyed. It was in vain now that the Prince sought to crush the will of the Sultan and of his ministers. Whether he threatened, or whether he tried to cajole, whether he sent his dragoman with angry messages to the Porte, or whether he went thither in person, whether he urged the members of the Government in private interviews, or whether he obtained audience of the Sultan, he always encountered the same firmness, the same courteous deference, and above all, that same terrible moderation which, day by day, and hour by hour, was putting him more and more in the wrong. The voice which spoke to him might be the voice of the Grand Vizier, or the voice of the Reis Effendi, or the voice of the Sultan himself, but the mind which he was really encountering was always the mind of one man.

The moral picturesqueness, to repeat the term above used, of the above scene, is complete. The writer does not waste time in telling us whether the men were long or short, stout or thin,—in describing their dress, or the room in which they met. But he impresses clearly and distinctly on our minds their temper and demeanour, as well as the hidden springs on which these turned; and there rises up of itself before us the very picture which another would have elaborated touch by touch from the outer aspect. This is in itself a rare gift in a writer; and when placed at the service of what seems to be a virulent personal spite, such as that which the author harbours against Louis Napoleon, becomes a weapon of the most formidable character. A passage like the following, for instance

(and there are a hundred such), is the very *aqua fortis* of satire:—

His long, endless study of the mind of the first Napoleon had caused him to adopt and imitate the Emperor's habit of looking down upon the French people, and treating the mighty nation as a substance to be studied and controlled by a foreign brain. Indeed, during the periods of his imprisonment and of his exile, the relations between him and the France of his studies were very like the relations between an anatomist and a corpse. He lectured upon it, he dissected its fibres, he explained its functions; he showed how beautifully Nature, in her infinite wisdom, had adapted it to the service of the Bonapartes; and how, without the fostering care of those same Bonapartes, the creature was doomed to degenerate, and perish out of the world.

Accept this picture as true, or reject it as false, one thing is certain,—it has bitten into you as soon as read. And the same is, to a great extent, the case with the portraiture of Lord Raglan, though, as it is uniformly favourable, the impression is less deep.

Mr. Kinglake is less happy when dealing with something broader than the intents and passions of men. His description of the Battle of the Alma is wanting in breadth and unity. It is full of picturesque detail; it contains glimpses of vivid brightness over the scene as a whole, as in the splendid opening paragraph:—

So now the whole allied armies, hiding nothing of their splendour and their strength, descended slowly into the valley; and the ground on the right bank of the river is so even and so gentle in its slope, and on the left bank so commanding, that every man of the invaders could be seen from the opposite heights.

Yet, whether because spread out over too great a space, or because too crowded with detail, or because of the inability of the writer to hold with thorough manly firmness the main thread of his story, it does not carry us on with it without a sense of bewilderment, perhaps more than of weariness, which is never thoroughly removed. If it be said that the characteristic of a real battle is its unintelligibility,—a truth of which even a sham fight has given some inkling to many a volunteer,—the answer is, that the task of the true battle historian is precisely to clear up the puzzles of the moment, and make of the reader, as it were, an ideal Commander-in-chief, who, knowing all beforehand that is intended, should see and understand everything at the very moment that it takes place.

In conclusion, it may be said that, while Mr. Kinglake's volumes contain in them many of the elements of history, and those elements of the very highest order, they can hardly be pronounced to be history itself. No one can doubt the labour that he has bestowed upon his work; its accuracy has hardly been questioned as yet, and, so far as facts go, will probably be found to stand the test of adverse criticism. The partisan spirit with which it is animated serves undoubtedly, according to the remark made long ago by Byron on Mitford's "Greece," to give life and acuteness to Mr. Kinglake's observation of events. Its style has singular lucidity, great general beauty, and frequently great power. But it is one thing to be a partisan historian, and another to make history a mere vehicle for partisanship. It is one thing to have strong views of international policy, and another to handle the facts of a recent war, which, for the sake of one's country, as well as of individuals, required the most judicious and delicate treatment, for purposes of what may be called international scandal. It is one thing to have failed in opposing the

spread of Imperial tyranny over Savoy and Nice, and another to take one's revenge, at the cost of all who have trusted Mr. Kinglake with documents and papers, in a long libel upon Louis Napoleon. Mr. Kinglake has shown himself the *facile princeps* of English pamphleteers,—he has yet much to do before, as a historian of war, he can place himself by the side of the late Sir William Napier,—a man, indeed, almost as ardent a partisan as himself, but who, in writing the history of the Peninsular War, had yet some sense of the dignity of his task, and of the justice which is due to all the actors in any great conflict.

J. M. L.

CONTINUATION OF THE ENGRAVED WORKS OF SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS. Engraved by Mr. FREDERICK BROMLEY. Parts I. to VI. (Folio.) Published by Messrs. Henry Graves and Co., Pall Mall.

WHEN that excellent engraver, Samuel William Reynolds, brought to a close his series of small mezzotint engravings from pictures of his great namesake, which fills three volumes, and includes (in our edition) 363 plates, it was not for want of material. When it is remembered that during the thirty-six years between 1753 and 1789, which bound Sir Joshua's working life in London, he had, in the ten years between 1755 and 1765, from 100 up to 140 sitters through his hands annually, and, in the less busy years which succeeded, an average of perhaps half the mean between these numbers, it will be evident that four hundred pictures represent less than a third of the extant works of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

We are not yet able to fix the actual number of his pictures. The fullest catalogue hitherto published, that of Mr. Cotton,—whose recent death all lovers of Sir Joshua have reason to lament, so devoted and loving was the labour he bestowed on the elucidation and history of this great painter's works—certainly does not contain two-thirds of them. It is to be hoped that in the Life of Sir Joshua, begun by the late C. R. Leslie, R.A., and now being finished by Mr. Tom Taylor, we shall be supplied with a completer list of the pictures of Reynolds than has yet been accessible. The materials for such a list exist in the pocket-books, in which Sir Joshua entered the names of his sitters, of which the series extends, with a few breaks, from 1755 to 1790, and in two price-books, of the second of which only a transcript has as yet been published. Mr. Cotton has made use of the pocket-books in his interesting "Sir Joshua Reynolds and his Works;" but he has for no year given a complete list of sitters, and neither in catalogue nor book is there any account of the imaginative and historical pictures.

Messrs. Graves have announced their intention of adding a fourth volume, of 100 engravings, to the three published by S. W. Reynolds. We trust that the success of this venture will induce them to go on to a second hundred. Even then the public will not have in this convenient and comparatively uncostly form one half of Reynolds's enormous life's work. A complete set of engravings after Reynolds would furnish the finest portrait-gallery of his century that has been given to the world of any period, by any painter. Titian and Tintoret, with their successors, have handed down to us the crimson or sable-robed magnificoes and the gorgeously bedizened beauties of Venice: Rembrandt, Van der Helst, and the other masters who fill the long and little known list of Dutch portrait painters, have fixed upon the canvas the burly forms of the magistrates and burghers of Holland, with their placid matrons in broad ruff and black brocade. Through Holbein we know the court of Henry VIII.; through Vandyke the stately cavaliers and courtly ladies of the first Charles; through Lely, the languishing loose-robed beauties and *bona robas* who played ombre and primero in the matted



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gallery at Whitehall, or flaunted through the Mall in the days of the Merry Monarch. But all these men painted the life of foreign countries or of far-off times. Reynolds is English all over, and those who sat to him were our grandfathers and grandmothers. His pictures preserve for us the form and presence of a society still full of interest to us for politics, for literature, for manners. And of this society the painter himself stood at the centre. The leading men and women in it were his intimates as well as his sitters. His genial easy manners made him acceptable in a greater variety of company than any man of his time. He was at home alike among the gay men and the play men, the masqueraders and the maccaronis of the Thursday Night Club and Almack's, Brookes's and the Dilettanti, the literary and scientific lions of the Turks' Head and the Royal Society, or the Blues of Mrs. Montague's *conversazioni* and Mrs. Vesey's Babels; among the divines and the demireps, the politicians and the beauties, the players and the warriors of that wonderfully stirring and varied time.

And what a time it was, which in politics includes such names as Chatham and Holland, —and their greater sons,—Burke and Barré, Sheridan and Windham, Camden and Mansfield; and in events such momentous epochs as the first Chatham Administration, the great constitutional struggle waged round the ignoble person of John Wilkes, the American war, and the dawning of the French Revolution; which in literature and political science moves round Johnson and Goldsmith, Adam Smith and Burke, Robertson and Gibbon; which saw the old school of fiction die out with Fielding, Richardson and Smollett, the new inaugurated with Sterne, Miss Burney and Mrs. Inchbald; which, in the painter's art, takes in the last decennium of Hogarth and the dawn of Lawrence, and covers the whole career of Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Wilson; which, in the art of the stage, is glorified by the genius of Garrick and Henderson, Pritchard, Yates, and Siddons, Kitty Clive, and Mrs. Abington; and in the literature of the theatre by the comedies of Goldsmith and Colman, Sheridan and Mrs. Cowley! Nor is the charm of this period less potent in the history of manners than of politics, literature, and art. It is Reynolds who sets before us the leading actors and actresses in the brilliant scene, of which we supply the action by help of Horace Walpole's letters. The magnificent contemporary mezzotints of Reynolds's pictures, made by the great engravers who founded their style upon his, and who reflected the painter more exactly, perhaps, than any school of engravers who ever worked, are now, by cost and rarity, inaccessible to all but the wealthiest class of *virtuosi*. The publisher does a real service to connoisseurs and collectors of more moderate means when he places within their reach at small cost, and in compact form, a hundred faithful and effective new mezzotints after Reynolds.

Mr. Bromley's work is not so brilliant as the best of S. W. Reynolds's. But neither is it liable to the great inequalities which mark the plates published under Reynolds's name, but which were, many of them, the work of 'prentice-hands, not sufficiently superintended or corrected by the master. Many of the best plates even of that series were, we believe, from the hand of Samuel Cousins, who now maintains the first place among contemporary mezzotint engravers. All Mr. Bromley's plates are his own work; and many of them are exceedingly delicate and faithful. In some we desiderate more vigorous effect of light and shade, and firmer handling. Among the best are the "Young Duke of Hamilton," in Part I. of the present collection, and the exquisite "Miss Penelope Boothby," of Part VI. "Lady Sunderlin," in Part III., is also a very charming rendering of a lovely picture never before engraved.

Down to Part VI. all the plates are from the burin of Mr. F. Bromley. But other engravers are announced as engaged for the

future numbers of the work. By far the larger proportion of the prints already published in this series are from pictures never before engraved, and we think Mr. Graves would do well to confine his work, as far as possible, to such pictures. We should not recommend, for example, in future, the re-engraving of pictures so well known, through black and white, as the allegorical portrait of Dr. Beattie and the Lord Heathfield.

There may, of course, be cases in which the rarity of the older engravings justifies such reproduction. For example, all lovers of Sir Joshua would be thankful for a good new print of that exquisite triad, the young Ladies Waldegrave, or the two groups of Dilettante portraits, both of which, we understand, will be included in Mr. Graves's new series.

Among the hitherto unengraved subjects in the collection may be mentioned, in Part I., the Young Duke of Hamilton (a very exquisite specimen of the master, beautifully rendered by Mr. Bromley); The Honourable Mrs. Peter Beckford (a graceful full-length from the Duke of Hamilton's gallery); Lady Lade, Thrale's sister, mother of the coach-driving Sir John Lade, who also figures in Part II., a vacant-looking lounge, caressing a spaniel; in Part II., besides Sir John Lade, the lovely Countess of Pembroke and her Son (from Wilton), and Lavinia, Countess Spencer, with Lord Althorp, at the age of forty-six (from Althorp); in Part III., George, second Marquis Townshend, Lady Sunderlin Malone's sister-in-law (from the collection of the Rev. Richard Rooper of Wick-hill, Brighton) the graceful full-length of a very sweet person: in Part IV. the Queen Charlotte (from Queen's College, Oxford); Captain, afterwards Viscount Duncan; the two wives of Admiral Sir George Warren, and Joseph Wilton, the sculptor: in Part V. Lady Sondes, Captain Pownall, and Miss Taylor.

Of the subjects previously engraved, the most interesting are, the fine group of Paine, the architect, and his son, from the Bodleian; the fine early portrait of Warren Hastings, painted in 1764, in the interval between his first and second sojourn in India; the fine full-length in armour of George, first Marquis Townshend; and that master-piece of delicate childish expression, Miss Penelope Boothby.

Each part, we should add, is accompanied by a short, well-arranged, and carefully written account of the subject and date, place, &c. of the picture, by Mr. Edmund Graves, of the British Museum.

We heartily wish Mr. Graves success in his praiseworthy undertaking.

THE CORRELATION OF PHYSICAL FORCES.  
By W. R. GROVE, Q.C., M.A., V.P.R.S.,  
etc. Fourth Edition.

WOULD that this small volume might be read, not only by the really educated and really scientific men—who, whether they may agree or not, will, at least, appreciate and respect—but also by the far more numerous class of quasi-educated and quasi-scientific people! Twenty years hence, they will be hearing about the correlation of physical forces as a popular common-place, and possibly lecturing about it, some of them, as they do about the "triumphs of steam" or the "wonders of geology."

But many talk of Robin Hood that never shot in his bow; and many boast how physical science has emancipated us from the superstitions which enthralled our forefathers, who know nothing about the science or the superstitions either, save some vague and Dundrearyish notion, that because water is composed (for the time being) of oxygen and hydrogen, therefore our ancestors were fools for believing in ghosts. Would that such people (and they may be counted now by thousands, both in Britain and in America) could be set down to get up this book, as accurately as men get up their Aristotle or their Newton at college; and made, too, to

try the experiments therein mentioned for themselves, instead of (which is quite a different matter) reading of them in a book, or seeing a lecturer perform them for them! By the time the hard novel task of learning one book accurately was over, half of the patients, probably, would have grown so much wiser in their own eyes, as to be ready to lay down the law for all things in heaven, in earth, and under the earth, and to have, at least, five-and-twenty spick and span new theories on the connexion of everything with everything else, where Mr. Grove, in fear and trembling, has only hinted at the preliminaries for one theory; though being a philosopher, he hardly likes to call it a theory at all. The other half of the patients, we will hope (for the honour of human nature) would rise from their task considerably humbled, and not a little frightened likewise; humbled at finding how difficult and serious a matter it is to learn one book accurately, or try one experiment satisfactorily and exhaustively; and frightened at finding themselves in "deep waters where no ground is," even among the commonest facts of every-day existence; suspecting this world to be a far more mysterious and marvellous place than they were taught to believe it at the Mechanics' Institute; and taught, it is to be hoped, by the honourable example of Mr. Grove, and of what he dare not say, as well as of what he dare, that science is never so wise, as when confessing her own ignorance, or the intellect of man so strong as when confessing his own weakness.

Twenty years ago, Mr. Grove, well known, even then as a leading man of science, published a little pamphlet on this same subject, which was considered by many, and by this reviewer among the rest, as one of the most important additions to physical knowledge which this half-century has seen. These twenty years of continual research have, it appears, only deepened his belief that he was in the right, and he now gives to the world a fuller account of "the Correlation of Physical Forces," a book which has, we are glad to say, already reached its fourth edition.

His idea is best stated in his own words, as they stood twenty years ago: "Light, heat, electricity, magnetism, motion, and chemical affinity, are all convertible material affections; assuming either as the cause, one of the others will be the effect. Thus, heat may be said to produce electricity, electricity heat; magnetism to produce electricity, electricity magnetism; and so of the rest. Cause and effect, therefore, in their abstract relation to these forces, are words solely of convenience; we are totally unacquainted with the ultimate generating power of each and all of them, and probably shall ever remain so; we can only ascertain the limits of their action; we must humbly refer their causation to one omnipresent influence, and content ourselves with studying their effects, and developing by experiment their mutual relations."

As Mr. Grove says, modestly enough, he does not stand alone in his belief. As early as 1842, M. Mayer had arrived, from quite different grounds, and unknown to Mr. Grove, at some similar conclusion. In 1843, Mr. Joule had set forth, in a paper on the mechanical equivalent of heat, thoughts—since much developed—bearing on one point at least of the question. The famous Montgolfier is said to have entertained the idea that force was indestructible; and his nephew, M. Séguin, has developed, even to calculation, his own views and those of his uncle, on the identity of heat and mechanical force. But a most striking instance of the power which genius has of leaping instinctively, as it were, to the apprehension of great physical truths, is the fancy of the late Mr. George Stephenson, that the light which we obtain from coal is a reproduction of that which had been absorbed in past ages from the sun by vegetable structures. A dream, truly; but many another dream of that great man's has proved true; and now this one seems likely to prove true likewise.

To follow out the process by which Mr.



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Grove arrives at his important conclusion, would be to give an epitome of his book. But to do this would involve an impossibility, viz., to give an epitome of the experiments suggested in it: and an epitome of an experiment (though a too common thing) is about as useful as an epitome of a watch or a horse. It must suffice to say that, beginning with "motion," he tries to show how it can produce heat, light, electricity, magnetism, chemical changes—and they again, motion in turn; and that in this first chapter we have a cautious but deliberate hint, that all these classes of physical phenomena may be finally resolvable into the one of motion among the particles of a body. It is by visible motion alone, after all, as Mr. Grove tells us, that most natural forces are made apparent to us; and by imagined motion all the rest are naturally, and as it were instinctively, explained to our minds.

The same chain of reasoning is followed out as to heat, electricity, light, magnetism, and chemical affinity, each being shown, more or less fully, to produce, and to be produced by, all the rest: and hence is deduced the doctrine that force is indestructible; that these various classes of phenomena are only different manifestations of the same "force," which, undying, but always alterable, becomes, according to each circumstance it meets—light, heat, electricity, and so forth. Thus, to quote a striking example (not from Mr. Grove), the so-called electric fluid—force, Mr. Grove would call it, for he does not believe in electricity being a matter any more than light or heat—striking once the spire of St. Martin's-le-Grand, leapt from the cloud to the spire-cross as *light*; ran down the metal cross as *electricity*; checked at its root, melted it as *heat*; burrowing on through the stonework (as if gifted with an eye which saw through the opaque mineral) to the next lowest point of metal clamp or wire, riving and tearing the solid stone in its course, as *motion*; found unerringly the next point of iron, and ran down it harmless again, as *electricity*, but changing in its course probably the relative positions of every atom of that iron, as *magnetism*; and then burst through the stonework again, as *motion*, so disintegrating from top to bottom the whole spire, which had (if the reviewer recollects rightly) to be pulled down and rebuilt, for the sake of one moment's sport of that "nature," of which Mr. Grove well says:—"In all our artificial combinations we can but apply natural forces, and with far inferior mechanism to that which is perceptible in the economy of nature."

"Nature is made better by no mean  
But nature makes that mean; so o'er that art,  
Which you say adds to nature, is an art  
Which nature makes."

Such sayings as this are scattered throughout the volume; weighty, deliberate, though often most startling; as when Mr. Grove, commenting on the very little which we know of light, or rather, the great deal which we know that there is in light—of which we know nothing—dares to say that in other planets "myriads of organised beings may exist, imperceptible to our vision, even if we were among them, and we might also be imperceptible to them."

But the most weighty, almost, of all Mr. Grove's sayings are to be found in that introductory chapter, in which he treats of "cause" and "force." Here he states modestly enough his suspicion that no such things as general intermediate causes exist; that we have no proof that the effect follows the cause; and that all we can say is, that there is a force transmitted, and transmuted during its transmission, through matter, but that what that force is no man can tell. A less philosophical thinker than Mr. Grove would easily and gladly have generalized and impersonated that force, and, indeed, deified it, after the Emersonian fashion, by capital letters, calling on the human race to fall down and worship the great god FORCE, just discovered as a succedaneum for the ancient God, who thinks, feels, has a moral nature, and interferes by a Providence in the

affairs of men. But if any one wishes to find "cold comfort" of that kind in Mr. Grove's pages, then will he be disappointed; for Mr. Grove takes especial care to assure his readers that his Force, too, is nothing—a mere symbolic word for a set of phenomena, of whose cause we know nothing. He protests again and again against the *idola speculæ* and the *idola fori*, which haunt, one the systematist, and the other the mob; he complains again and again that "ideas are so bound up in words that even to express a view differing from the received one, words involving the received one are necessarily used." He bids us remember that "we know no more of the phenomenon of an apple's falling by saying that it falls by gravitation, than we did before—that all we see and know is the effect; we do not see force; we only see motion, or moving matter;" and he ends his weighty book by the weighty words:—"In all phenomena, the more closely they are investigated, the more are we convinced that, humanly speaking, neither matter nor force can be created or annihilated, and that an essential cause is unattainable. Causation is the will, creation the act of God."

Mr. Grove is right; even more right than he thinks, or at least chooses to confess in this book. For if we apply the same Socratic analysis which he has brought to bear so shrewdly on the words "cause" and "force," on such words as "laws of nature," "laws impressed on matter"—even on the words "nature and matter" themselves, what shall we find? That they likewise are mere inaccurate symbols, by which we try to express the general impression which certain classes of phenomena make on our senses, but of which we have no right to say that they have any separate and substantive existence. That "laws of nature" are really no laws, but only customs of hers, whosoever she may be; and that to call laws which she obeys "laws of nature" is about as wise as to call the law by which a thief is hanged the law of thieving. That "laws impressed on matter" are things which never did or could exist; seeing that the laws are not material, and nothing but what is material can be impressed on matter. The only case, indeed, of laws being strictly impressed on matter, of which we have any evidence, is that of the spirits who impress their laws on tables by rapping thereon. But as scientific men, it is presumed, suppose that they have somewhat better evidence than that, when they talk of a law being impressed on an ovum which forces it to become a hen's egg, and after that a hen, it would be well for them if (to prevent confusion with gentlemen of quite a different persuasion) they would reconsider their nomenclature.

But worse: suppose that such an analysis of words or "dialectic" should compel us to confess that not only had the words "cause," "force," "law of nature," "law of matter," no substantive existence corresponding to them, but that "matter" and "nature" themselves were in the same evil case? That "matter," when looked into, only meant the sum of phenomena presented to our senses; and "nature" the order which we supposed (justly) existed among those phenomena; but that matter and nature had never been seen apart from the individual phenomena, indeed apart from—must it be said?—those senses of ours which perceive the phenomena, or are of opinion that they so do:—what then?

This: that men must think a little more about these things; that the more, in their thinking, they copy Mr. Grove's method, the more worth will their thoughts be to themselves and to mankind; and the more they think patiently and soundly, the more they will find that science, as she widens and deepens, corroborates that ancient orthodox faith which she is still supposed, by a few ignorant persons, to undermine; and that a certain old Hebrew book may after all be correct, when it refers not only the ultimate, but the immediate cause of all physical phenomena whatsoever to an absolutely supernatural force, symbolized as the "breath," or "spirit" of God. C. KINGSLEY.

VERNER'S PRIDE. By Mrs. HENRY WOOD. Three vols., post 8vo. Bradbury and Evans, 1863.

REMEMBERING the sensation which "East Lynne" created on its first appearance, the "cabal" of which Mrs. Wood assured the public that her second novel, "The Channings," was the victim, and the quiet "goody" tone of "Mrs. Halliburton's Troubles," which needed no cabal to secure that story its place in the third class, we turned to "Verner's Pride" with some interest, to see what rank this latest production of the authoress was entitled to take. We think it may rise into the second class, as a novel above the average, to be read certainly by leisurely people who read novels as part of the business of life, but not to be taken in hand by those who can spare time only for really good novels—except for the Peckaby episode, which contains some rude fun. Brother Jarrum is a missionary from the New Jerusalem, and comes to preach to the poor women and men of Deerham about the glories of the City of the Saints:—"Stars and snakes! there's ease and plenty there; the houses have shady verandahs, and sweet shrubs a-creeping round 'em; every maid's a lady, and has her own parlour and bedroom; grapes and peaches are to be had for the plucking; there's a ball-room and a theatre, and lots of dancing—such a thing as old legs isn't known among 'em. Then there's ducks and turkeys, and oysters and fowls and fish, and meats, and custards, and pies, and potatoes, and greens, and jellies, and coffee, and tea, and drinks, and so many more things, that you'd be tired of hearing the names.' But—

"What's the drinks?" inquired Jim Clark, the supper items imparting to his inside a curious feeling of emptiness.

"There's no lack of drinks in the City of the Saints," returned Brother Jarrum. "Whisky's plentiful. Have you heard of mint julep? That is delicious. Mint is one of the few productions not common out there, and we are learning to make the julep with sage instead. You should see the plains of sage! It grows wild."

"And there's ducks, you say?" observed Susan Peckaby. "It's convenient to have sage in plenty where there's ducks," added she to the assembly in general. "What a land it must be!"

"A land that's not to be ekalled! A land flowing with milk and honey!" rapturously echoed Brother Jarrum. "Ducks is in plenty, and sage grows as thick as nettles do here; you can't go out to the open country but you put your foot upon it. Nature's generally in accordance with herself. What should she give all them bushes of wild sage for, unless she gave ducks to match?"

Then, as to the women's prospects, says Brother Jarrum,—

"Women is not married with us for time, but for eternity—as I tried to beat into you last night. Once the wife of a saint, their entrance into paradise is safe and certain. We have not got an old maid among us—not a single old maid!"

"No old maids, and no widders," continued Brother Jarrum, wiping his forehead, which was becoming moist with the heat of argument. "We have respect to our women, we have, and like to make 'em comfortable."

"But if their husbands die off?" suggested a puzzled listener.

"The husband's successor marries his widders," explained Brother Jarrum. "Look at our late head and prophet, Mr. Joe Smith,—him that appeared in a vision to our present prophet, and pointed out the spot for the new temple. He died a martyr, Mr. Joe Smith did—a prey to wicked murderers. Were his widders left to grieve and die out after him? No. Mr. Brigham Young, he succeeded to his honours, and he married the widders."

This oration is made in Peckaby's shop, and after a time Brother Jarrum starts with a select party of intended saints from Deerham; but, to Mrs. Peckaby's horror, she is left behind. Unknown to her, Peckaby, who is a mocker, and has to be reminded "of the forty-two as was eat up by bears when they mocked at Elisha," has had a private interview with the brother.

"I telled Brother Jarrum, the very day afore the start took place, that if he took off my wife, I'd foller him on and beat every bone to smash as he'd got in his body," interposed Peckaby, glancing at Lionel with a knowing smile. "I did, sir. Her was out"—jerking his black thumb at his wife—"and I caught Brother Jarrum in his own room and shut the door on us both, and there I telled him. He knew I meant it, too: and he didn't like the look of an iron bar I happened to have in my hand: I saw that. Other wives' husbands might do as they liked; but I warn't a going to have mine deluded off by them Latter Day Saints."

However, comfort comes for poor Mrs. Peckaby; the brother sends her a special messenger to say that a higher mission is reserved for her, and she is to be conveyed to America "special, on a quadruple, which was a white donkey."



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"There's difficulties in the way of a animal on four legs which can't swim doing it all, that I don't pretend to explain away. I'm content, when the hour comes, sir, to start, and trust. Peckaby, he's awful sinful, sir. Only last evening, when I was saying the quadruple might have mirac'ous parts give to it, like Balum's had in the Bible, Peckaby he jeered, and said he'd like to see Balum's, or any other quadruple, set off to swim to America—that he'd find the bottom afore he found the land. I wonder the kitchen ceiling don't drop down upon his head! For myself, sir, I'm rejoiced to trust, as I says; and as soon as the white donkey do come, I shall mount him without fear."

Well, one pouring wet night "this blessed animal, the white quadruple," arrives, accompanied by two men. Mrs. Peckaby "flings on her purple gown," puts on her best shawl and bonnet, mounts her bare-backed steed, and departs. "Rapt in a glowing vision of the honours and delights that would welcome her at her journey's end," she doesn't miss her conductors till her "quadruple" has lost his way in a wood. She dismounts to look for the path, and on her return the donkey is gone. She rubs her eyes and pinches her arms. Have Peckaby and Chuff, the blacksmith, played her a practical joke? Home she goes; storms at the door; but Peckaby declares that *his* wife's gone off to New Jerusalem, and, says Mrs. Green next door, "Ain't that your plum-coloured gown? what's come to it?" What *had* come to it! Patches of dead white, looking not unlike paint, covered it about on all sides. Chuff, the blacksmith, gave a great grin from his window: "Sure that there donkey never *was* painted down white," quoth he.

As respects, however, the plot of the novel:—"Verner's Pride" is a mansion and estate that Stephen Verner is charged to leave to his nephew Lionel Verner. Stephen has two step-sons, John and Frederick Massingbird, but his nephew, Lionel, is his pride and darling. He suspects John of having seduced and caused the suicide of a beautiful maid-servant of the family, Rachel Frost; but John, to clear himself, shows Stephen Verner a glove of Lionel's that he had picked up on the brink of the pond that Rachel drowned herself in. The old man takes this as a proof of Lionel's guilt, disinherits him, and by his will gives "Verner's Pride" to John Massingbird, and on his death without issue to Frederick, with remainder to Lionel. The family doctor, West, knowing this, and believing that John has been killed in Australia, lets his pretty ambitious daughter, Sibylla, marry Fred Massingbird, and jilt Lionel Verner, a chivalrous young fellow, who is deeply in love with her. But Stephen Verner, when on his death-bed, relents towards Lionel, and by a codicil leaves him his whole estate. This codicil Dr. West steals and hides, so that his daughter and her husband may still retain the property. But Fred. Massingbird dies in Australia, before knowing that he had come into it, and his widow Sibylla comes back to England, expecting to live with Mrs. Stephen Verner at Verner's Pride. However, she finds her old love, Lionel Verner, in possession, as next devisee after John and Frederick's death. He is, too, in love with a beautiful simple-natured ward of his mother's, Lucy Tempest; but in a moment of passion—alone with Sibylla, touched by the tale of her troubles, her passionate appeal to him for protection, and the memory of his early love,—he makes her an offer, which she at once accepts. They are married; but after some time John Massingbird turns up alive, and "Verner's Pride" is at once surrendered to him. Lionel's mother gives a home to him, and his wife, Sibylla, now struck with consumption, fretful, selfish, and full of mean suspicions, making his life almost too heavy to bear; but by her own wilful imprudence she kills herself. An apprentice of Dr. West's—who is Dickens' fat boy, with a tendency to explosive compounds—blows up an old bureau and discovers the stolen codicil; John Massingbird immediately resigns Verner's Pride to Lionel, and he marries his true and tender love, Lucy Tempest.

"Need you go for good, Lucy?"

She raised her eyes to him with a shy glance, and Lionel, with a half-uttered exclamation of emotion, caught her to his breast, and took his first long silent kiss of love from her lips. It was not like those snatched kisses of years ago.

"My darling! my darling! God alone knows what my love for you has been."

Lionel Verner is the hero of the book, and his character is very fairly worked out. The strain that his proud sensitive nature suffers from Sibylla's jilting, his uncle's coldness, his first wife's frivolity and complaints, and the occasional breakings-through of his underlying love for Lucy Tempest, are well represented. His uncount and kind medical brother, James, too, and his proud correct mother, have each an individuality of their own; the slight sketches of Mother Duff and her son Dan are good. But the book would have gained in interest by being in two volumes instead of three; and there are slips in the English which are scarcely pardonable in a lady's writing:—"That is the reason why I am *presumptive* enough to suggest the idea to you," (vol. ii., p. 174); "Her fitful mood vexed him above common" (vol. iii., p. 7), are one or two of the instances we have noticed.

We would also suggest that a man from the diggings like Captain Cannonby, who would say in one sentence (vol. iii., p. 23), "Parties to the gold-fields don't carry a supply of coffins with them," would not be likely to break out in the next sentence into "He died at early dawn, just as the sun burst out to *illumine the heavens*;" also, that codicils are not now written on parchment and sealed with seals; and that estates do not *lapse* to those to whom they are bequeathed—or better, devised. If Mrs. Wood would produce her books at longer intervals, and not enter the lists for the champion's title of "The Author of Most of the New Novels," but condense and finish off her work better, she might, we think, do herself more justice than her late works have done her.

F.

## BISHOP COLENZO AND HIS CRITICS: A LAYMAN'S VIEW.

PLAIN, POSSIBLE SOLUTIONS OF THE OBJECTIONS OF THE RIGHT REV. JOHN WILLIAM COLENZO, D.D., BISHOP OF NATAL. By the Rev. GEORGE VALLIS GARLAND, M.A. *Rivingtons.*

LETTER TO BISHOP COLENZO, wherein his Objections to the Pentateuch are examined in Detail. By the Rev. WILLIAM H. HOARE, M.A. *Rivingtons.* Cambridge: *Deighton, Bell, & Co.*

BISHOP COLENZO'S OBJECTIONS TO THE VERACITY OF THE PENTATEUCH: An Examination by the Rev. BOURCHIER WREY SAVILE, M.A. *William Freeman.*

CONSIDERATIONS ON THE PENTATEUCH. By ISAAC TAYLOR. *Jackson, Walford, & Hodder.*

AN ANSWER TO THE DIFFICULTIES IN BISHOP COLENZO'S BOOK ON THE PENTATEUCH. By the Rev. J. B. TURNER. *Rivingtons.*

THE BIBLE IN THE WORKSHOP: A Refutation of Bishop Colenso's Critical Examination of the Pentateuch and Book of Joshua. By Two Working Men, a Jew and a Gentile. *Kent & Co.*

Is there a basis for religious belief incapable of destruction by critical inquiry? Is there a foundation for religion, whose solidity will only become the more evident the more thoroughly it is examined? And if there is, what is it? These are the momentous issues raised by the Bishop of Natal's recent work. The Bishop himself feels this. Those who have undertaken to reply to him feel it. Their arguments are moulded by their perception of these questions, and the answers they more or less consciously make to them in their own minds. We propose, therefore, in our remarks upon these answers, to deal with the substantial question rather than with the details of the pamphlets of which we have cited the titles, and to which several others might be added.

With the exception of Mr. Isaac Taylor, all of these writers,—setting aside the abuse with which their argument is in some cases garnished,—attempt to show, by examining the Bishop's objections to the history of the Exodus in detail, that they are not

beyond the reach of apologetic ingenuity, if it be allowed two claims:—1. An unlimited right of supplying, by conjecture, supposed facts not stated or alluded to in the Scriptural accounts; 2. An unlimited recourse to miraculous agency, if what we call natural agencies, in other words, the Divine action, such as we know it by experience, is insufficient for the required explanation. Now, granting that under these concessions plausible solutions of the difficulties brought forward by Dr. Colenso may be obtained, the all-important question remains, whether we of the present day can hope to acquire a firm foundation for our religious belief by such a process. Let us consider this question.

Modern thought rests upon the assumption that the Divine action, infinitely as its form and modes of operation may be varied, is in its nature ever the same; the same now as in the remotest ages of geological time. This assumption is at the bottom of all our science. Now, the Scriptures, if we read them without explaining them away, represent the Divine action to have been in former times of a nature quite different from what we find it to be at present. Namely, while to our experience God always acts indirectly through definite means, the Scriptures represent Him to have continually acted directly, by immediate manifestations of His will. This is the stumbling-block to our belief of the Scriptural accounts. To remove it, and induce us heartily to accept conclusions so much opposed to our ordinary thoughts, we require that the Scriptural histories should bear the strictest examination; that no inconsistencies, no uncertainty, should appear in them: that they should leave no gaps where the marvel-loving faculty of the imagination might creep in to throw its glamour over the scene, as it has done over all other ancient story. But how can we attain such a conviction of the consistency and accuracy of the Scriptural story can be maintained only by buttressing it up with suppositions drawn from our own fancies? Those who choose to assume that the Scriptures are infallible may, no doubt, by such a process stop the chinks through which the wind of doubt would steal in upon them. But what effect will be produced on those to whom the assumption of infallibility in any book without proof of it seems a sin against the instinct of truth? What on those who have been trained to assume other books to be infallible, or to assume, beyond the infallibility of the Scriptures, an infallibility in the Church which the assailants of Dr. Colenso would for the most part disclaim, as strongly as the Bishop of Natal disclaims the infallibility of the Pentateuch? Surely these questions cannot be lightly passed over by any who hold, as we desire to hold, the Catholic faith in the Son of God, and believe that this faith is destined to be the permanent foundation of a religion for mankind.

The Christian name does not extend over more than one-third of the human race. Of this one-third at least two-thirds believe in an infallibility beyond the Scriptures, which the Protestant nations reject. The religious faith of Christendom is rent to its basis by this division. Can we hope that Christianity will cover the earth till this rent is closed? Can we hope that it will ever close, so long as we rest our belief on a foundation which we can uphold only by unproved assumptions? Can we hope that the adherents of other creeds will surrender the assumed infallibility of *their* holy books, to take up with the assumed infallibility of *our* holy books, if that infallibility is to be sustained by unproved guesses? Yet all the defenders of the Pentateuch whom we have cited, however different their assumption, agree in this, that its narrative can be rescued from the claws of Dr. Colenso's arithmetic only by the intervention of unproved conjectures. There must be "something rotten in the state" of our creed if we are driven to such extremities. Is it not a divine warning to seek for some foundation which shall not need such hollow props? May there not be assigned to the criticism which serves



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up to us such tough bits the providential function of bringing our minds face to face with reality, and leading us, by upsetting our preconceived notions of what a revelation ought to be, to learn how much wiser God's way of revealing Himself to man has been than the method depicted by our imaginations?

We cry out for infallibility, like children crying for the moon. Now infallibility is a mode of power, the highest form of that "knowledge" which St. Paul tells us "puffeth up." But the Church was founded on the manifestations not of power, but of that which is mightier than power—the might of love. No legions of angels chased the legions of Rome from Palestine; but One was "lifted up from the earth," that He might "draw all men unto Him." Surely here is a decided indication that we are looking in the wrong direction, when we look for the revelation of God to any display of power, physical or intellectual. Science teaches us the same lesson in her own way. She shows us that wisdom is greater than strength. The Oriental who resolves all natural phenomena into the direct will of God, sees boundless power everywhere—*Allah Akhbar!* God is great. But he has no science. For science can arise only where men are convinced that the power of God is inseparably wedded to this wisdom, which works through determined means, and seek to discover the eternal relations by which the manifestation of the Divine Being is self-governed. But higher than the choice of means is the choice of ends: of that for which the means are a means. Now the choice of ends is the special province of goodness or love. Thus it is that the eternal union of power with wisdom becomes possible. Therefore, if the Diving Being should manifest His essence to man in a manner accordant with the discoveries of science, this manifestation ought to resolve itself into a display of infinite love. And precisely on the assumption of such a manifestation was the Church founded.

Here we take our stand. This is the foundation which we say that no criticism can endanger; for it rests upon a double support, proved in every other case to be unfailing, namely, (1) the general analogy of all other knowledge: (2) the power possessed by this conception of explaining a vast body of particular facts. Now these facts we learn mainly from the Bible. Here, therefore, it is that the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament come in, under their true character: a character admitting of the most fearless critical handling, without demanding the protection of any exceptional assumptions, because these Scriptures are distinguished from all other professed revelations, by being not only a collection of sacred books, but a collection of books embodying the growth of a nation, and inseparably connected with that great event which has coloured the whole subsequent history of those races, to whom time has given, or is giving, the government of the earth. On this peculiarity Mr. Taylor justly insists in his pamphlet, cited at the head of the present article. It constitutes the grain of wheat among the bushel of verbiage served up by the veteran author for our spiritual sustenance at the present crisis; and we thank him for it. But, unhappily, instead of using the argument to show the freedom of Christian thought from slavery to the letter of the Bible, he uses it for a purpose precisely opposite. If we are to believe him, the Christian is no better off than the modern Jew, who, if he loses his faith in the infallibility of his Scriptures, must lose also all faith in a Revelation of God. But God has "provided some better thing" for us. To the Christian the coming of Christ stamps the ancient history of the Jewish nation with the ineffaceable mark of Divine workmanship, and thus superadds the certainties of science to the poetry of feeling. For this coming is the crowning act of a national development, carried on through a long series of ages and a manifold succes-

sion of events, pointing to some great Deliverer to arise out of that nation, through whom all mankind should be blessed; while parallel with it runs a triple independent development of other history, political, religious, and intellectual, by which the face of the world at the birth of this great Deliverer was prepared for His reception. (1.) The Roman empire, by its wide-reaching sway and internal peace, and the Greek conquests, by diffusing generally the knowledge of that language, furnished the needful facilities for proclaiming the good news. (2.) The decay of faith in the ancient religions, and the tendency to search for some new form of belief, had disposed men's minds to receive the announcement. (3.) The union of Greek and Jewish thought, at Alexandria had evolved the conception of the *Logos*, or Word of God, than which none could be better adapted to secure a right appreciation of the nature of Christ, if the belief of the Church about that nature was well founded. On a seed-bed thus prepared by long and varied culture, fell, when "all things were ready," the Divine seed, that is, the Person of Christ, unique in the history of man. The incidents of His life were fitted to ripen the germ of faith in Him into a rich fruit, whose life-giving qualities have been proved by the experience of eighteen centuries. Here is the affirmation, by the history of more than three thousand years, a history entirely beyond the scope of human contrivance, of that presumption as to the essential nature of God for which scientific thought creates a *prima facie* probability, and to which the deepest instincts of our moral being spontaneously respond.

What need have we, then, to assume the infallibility of any book, or set of books, when we can point, in proof of our faith, to such unchallengeable witness? What necessity is there for attributing to the preparation of Jewish history for the coming of the Messiah, a divine action different in kind from that known to our present experience, when we see the independent preparation for that coming made by the course of Greek and Roman history, where the very men who claim this special action for Jewish history would be the first to deny its existence? Assume that the result of critical inquiry into the Scripture story should sweep away all notion of infallibility, and destroy all belief in any so-called miraculous agency in connection with it, what will follow? Simply this: in place of appealing to those Scriptures for proof that God can supersede the course of nature, we shall appeal to them for proof that He can and does use all natural powers, including the powers of human nature, to bring about ends higher than those powers could naturally achieve. The conception of the supernatural, which, in its present form, wars with science, and runs counter to analogy, will give place to a conception of the supernatural, which fits in with science and is affirmed by analogy. For the supernatural, conceived as the use of the natural for ends higher than its own ends, is precisely analogous to our own action on the nature around us. Every work of human art is supernatural; that is, it is a result which no natural agency could have produced without the intervention of man. But however supernatural in its results, it is brought about by the use of natural powers, each of which retains its own law of being, while lending itself to the purposes of human contrivance. And as man thus acts towards nature, so would the Jewish history, as critical inquiry presents it to us when taken in connexion with Christianity, show that God has acted towards man, never superseding his natural powers, leaving them always to their natural action, but so directing that action, by touches of His providential care too fine to be discerned till we can look back upon them as a whole, that He has produced a result of which the actors never dreamed—the indestructible monument of His ever-present goodness. May we not have reason to bless the Bishop of Natal

rather than to curse him, if his much-decried arithmetic should open our eyes to discern the richly varied beauty of Divine Wisdom, where we had accustomed ourselves to look only for the cyclopean massiveness of Divine Strength?

In the present contest the Bishop of Natal and his critics seem to us, according to the old tale, to be both right, and both wrong. The opponents of the Bishop are right in their feeling, that the Scriptures cannot be dissected so as to apply to one part a treatment different from that applied to another. One Spirit runs through them from beginning to end; they point to One Being, indicating the long preparation for His coming, or the circumstances immediately connected with it. We think the Bishop's work, so far as it has proceeded, lamentably deficient in overlooking this connexion, and treating the faith in Christ as if it were only a reflection of the faith in our own conscience, instead of regarding that conscience as the imperfect reflection of the Spirit perfectly displayed in Him. But what is this Spirit? Is it a Spirit of infallibility separating those who received it from the rest of mankind, and puffing up those who draw from the supposed well of unerring truth with the wind of spiritual conceit? Or is it not a spirit of trust in a Divine Presence, common to those who hear and to Him who speaks, a Spirit of entire sincerity, of profound unselfishness, of unflagging earnestness in the cause of goodness, and righteousness, and truth?

If this be the real Spirit of the Scriptures, those must be very far from possessing it who would bid us to shut our ears against doubts, to dismiss inquiry with a sneer, to roll ourselves in the mantle of fancied knowledge, and to conceal the imperfections or incongruities (if any) of the Sacred story beneath a cobweb of brainspun suggestions, instead of honestly confessing that the story is imperfect or incongruous, and that we lack materials for constructing a better one. Here it is that we hold the opponents of Dr. Colenso to be wrong, even more dangerously than the Bishop, as the men who should strew rushes over a rugged path would be in more danger of falling than one who should kick every stone in his way, to see whether it would bear him, though at the risk of hurting his toes.

The true course for the critic of the Scriptures, in our judgment, is, to examine every part with fearless honesty, without forgetting that the connexion of the whole is independent of the peculiarities of the part. The stones of a bridge will keep each other up when put together, though taken separately each would fall to the ground. In such a spirit we hope to see the criticism of the Bible undertaken and carried through, being firmly persuaded that in this case, as in all others, the law of the Spirit of Christ is "the perfect law of liberty;" and that it can and will legitimate its divine origin, by reconciling Assuredness of Trust with Freedom of Inquiry.

E. V. N.

HISTOIRE GÉNÉRALE de l'ARCHITECTURE, par DANIEL RAMÉE, Architecte. Paris: Amyot. 1862.

UNDER the guise of a History of Architecture, M. Daniel Ramée, author of a "Théologie Cosmogonique, ou Reconstitution de l'ancienne et primitive Loi," administers a new version of universal history, that might be defined as a sermon, in two thick volumes, on the irreconcilable difference and eternal enmities of the chief human races, the essential nobleness of the ancient Egyptian (especially seen in its religion), and of most Arian races, and the impossibility of their tolerating on the same globe the Semitic—the source, either personally or by the religions it has engendered, of all decline and every evil, past or present, in the superior communities of Ham and Japhet.

Considering rightly that "Architecture is one of the expressions of the harmony or the disorder that rules a people or a civilization"



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(p. 608), M. Ramée has taken its history as a fit one wherewith to wrap up this outrageous theory of human affairs. Not that any attempt is made to connect them, or draw the slightest illustration of one from the other, as the three foremost investigators of this history,—M. Viollet-le-Duc in his own country, Mr. Fergusson and Mr. Ruskin in ours,—have been and are educing its many wonderful testimonies to the most important but most recondite facts, in a true and sober philosophy of history. Here, on the contrary, the architectural descriptions and the anti-Semitic diatribes are merely interstratified, with as little connection as the alternate lines of common and of sympathetic ink in which secret despatches are said to have been sometimes written. Any architectonic fact would have fitted as well into any other place as that in which it now stands.

Of the threefold division into antiquity, the middle age, and the renaissance, the first is defined to include "the Oriental (i.e. Indian) phase, the Egyptian, Greek, Etruscan, and Roman." (Page 19.) "When these civilizations had finished their career . . . on their ruins arose a new civilization, composed of elements contradictory and antagonistic, which, instead of doing good to the men of this corner of the globe called Europe, was a true scourge, and plunged the human reason and intellect in darkness, by trying to bring them down to the level of those Bedouin races *que l'on dirait maudites et perdues*." (Page 18.) Hence, "the second, the middle age, comprises the Germanic phase with a Semitic religion; and the third, at length, the Renaissance and modern times, the reaction against the preceding phase, and a complete reconciliation with antiquity."

The decline of Greece is attributed to the teaching of Socrates, whose "idea of God was conformable to the Semitic view." (Page 528.) "He did not address himself to the learned men, to men who had developed their reason by observation and knowledge of the law of things, but to the artisans, the people, to those least capable of appreciating the tendency of his ideas. He occupied himself only with abstractions, and separated thought from the terrestrial and material world, like the Arabs and Jews. He was the author of the ideology that has brought in and perpetuates all perturbation in the world. . . . Religion was sapped at its foundation, and the Areopagus very justly condemned him to death; for he offended reason, the sound Arian reason. . . . The doctrines of Socrates, being irrational and in discord with the intellectual and physical world, have powerfully contributed to the introduction of the arbitrary, and hence of the ugly, into the world, as well as their action in the arts."

Worse was to come, however, when "four centuries had elapsed since Greece had heard the empty teachings of Socrates." (p. 703.) "A dismal spirit, inimical to order, has penetrated for a long series of ages the West, has blighted and perverted it. From an Oriental race, inferior to the races of the North . . . the spirit of disorder has not ceased to disturb the Western races of noble blood. Religious laws made for a nomade and credulous society were imposed on the agricultural and industrious nations, at first in a pacific manner, afterwards by force. Hence that struggle which, for its maintenance in the midst of European nations, this code, contrary to their inclinations, keeps up. This Mosaic code gives no rule, no precept to man to guide him in his relations to the affairs of this world. This code, powerless to direct man in his material life, and in the works to which he is destined on this earth, leaves human action to float in the vague and the arbitrary." (p. 701.) "Hence also the disappearance of the sentiment of the true and the beautiful, and consequently the decline of the arts begun at the end of the Roman Empire, and continued to this day, save a moment of interruption during the sixteenth and the first half of the seventeenth century. The middle age offers the spectacle of the invasion and preponderance of Semitic Ori-

entalism in the bosom of nations civilisatrices, laborious, moral, and no way given to the supernatural."

The above charges against the "Semitic code" are not very consistent with that brought in the chapter on the Jews, "for the philosopher and historian who seek to discover truth in the human annals of the most remote times, the people that of all ancient peoples offers the least interest." M. Ramée here finds that "all is limited to the earth, to the temporal." (Page 320.) "Under Solomon, the Jewish spirit became stationary. It was not that he was entirely without natural aptitude, but we learn from the Jewish annals how far his wisdom went, and by his temple is known the insufficiency and little delicacy of his taste." Certainly, if by "his temple" be meant that most ghastly hybrid between a steam factory and a model prison that disfigures page 328—in which however the designer has contradicted even two of the very few dimensions the "annals" afforded him, the central and lateral intercolumniations of the porch, which he might have learnt from Ezekiel, cap. xl. v. 48. It is to be regretted he has favoured us with no other similar attempt, where the redesigned work was an "Arian" one; for it is remarkable that, though noticing the late discoveries at the tomb of Mausolus (p. 568), he adopts no better ideal of that monument than one suggested years ago in Garbett's "Principles of Design," and from the same little work (but with acknowledgment) his solution of the other chief crux of restorers, the tomb of Porsenna. (P. 595.) To the same, and two other English books, Fergusson's "Handbook of Architecture," and Weale's "of London," he is indebted for nearly every illustration, except in the brief chapter on France, and the Egyptian portion, which is by far the most fully treated.

The mere architectural information will, in no school beyond Egypt, bear the least comparison with that afforded, either in description or illustration, by the rather smaller volumes of Fergusson, or even the published instalment of M. Viollet-le-Duc's admirable "Dictionnaire Raisonné." The Parthenon is actually figured with a blank pediment; and, though the discoveries of Mr. Penrose in its minute measures—without which nothing now written could be called a history of architecture—are slightly alluded to, the similar ones of Mr. Ruskin on Byzantine buildings, equally remarkable and important, are unnoticed. Rather more space than is given to the cathedrals of any single nation, is devoted to the Pyramids, which all writers about "the sentiment of the true and the beautiful" seem to persist in fancying have something to do with architecture. It is well known that, with few exceptions, the forty pyramids were designed to have all the same gradient; the identity is just close enough to prove this intention, and the difference enough to show great inability to measure accurately. To believe M. Ramée, however, "In a civilization ordered and ruled by laws that are the result of the knowledge of natural phenomena, all things are disposed according to these phenomena, and the relations more or less direct that they have among each other . . . We there see in the social order, a harmony, a homogeneity, . . . imitated from the ratios of numbers, the geometrical relations that true science finds in entire nature." (Page 160.) As a specimen,—it is part of the true "Théologie Cosmogonique" to admit "25 divine essences, 9 male and 16 female," because "le plus beau triangle" has the squares on its sides as 9, 16, and 25. But how and where are we to see such a triangle in pyramids, whose half-base and height were plainly meant to be (not as 3 to 4, but) as 4 to 5? M. Ramée will show us: erect such a triangle with its base 4 answering to the whole side of a pyramid of, say 400 cubits: then, says he, half the hypotenuse, or 250, will give the height of the pyramid. "But another measure," he adds, "will equally give this height, which will be . . . obtained by a perpendicular drawn from the right

angle to the hypotenuse." Unhappily this perpendicular must measure just 240. In the next line, "it is to be remarked that the pyramid's slopes . . . are equal to the diagonal of a cube whose side . . . would have for measure the perpendicular drawn to" the side 400 from the meeting of the above perpendicular with the hypotenuse. But such a cube's side must be just 192, and its diagonal =  $192\sqrt{3} = \sqrt{110592}$ , while the pyramid's slope, (the hypotenuse to 200 and 250) is  $\sqrt{102500}$ . These specimens of how an architect would measure if living "in a civilization ordered and ruled," &c., hardly equal the remark on the previous page, that "the base is to the oblique height as four is to five, and the base is to the vertical height as eight is to five, numbers sacred and harmonious." It must be granted, however, that equally "harmonious" ones characterise other architects' theories on these simplest of piles, among whom Bishop Colenso is certainly wanted more than on our copies of Moses or even Herodotus, of whose arithmetic it is said that "when items and a total are both given, they are rather more likely to disagree than to agree." For Mr. Perring, in Colonel Vyse's work, on discovering the above ratio of the half-base to the height as four to five, adds, "And this gives, on a direct section,—as half the base : the perpendicular height :: the apotheme or slant side : the whole base." The slant side is  $\sqrt{4^2 + 5^2} = \sqrt{41}$ , and as  $4 : 5 :: \sqrt{41} : \sqrt{64 \cdot 0625}$ , instead of  $\sqrt{64}$  the "whole base." But Mr. Fergusson, quoting this in his "Handbook," and proposing a far more refined theory of his own than Cheops ever dreamt of, calling a right angle  $7a$ , makes the inclination of the pyramid's edge to the horizon  $3a$  (whence its inclination to the vertical =  $4a$ ), and in the next line, its inclination to the opposite edge  $7\frac{1}{2}a$ , so that he considers twice 4 to amount to  $7\frac{1}{2}$  "approximately."

After all, it is surely a joke to talk of any theory of architectural history before we can even dispose of the present Manethonic superstition, that these pyramids and their surrounding tombs are the oldest remains in Egypt, when their every detail proclaims them, clearer than words can, to belong to the last debasement of the same civilization which in its palmy days had produced Karnac and Luxor. Everything intended for ornament, discovered by Colonel Vyse, is to that of ancient Egypt, we will not say what Elizabethan is to early English, but what Highgate Cemetery art is to early English. It is all ugly to us, because it never appealed, when made, to any remaining sense of the beautiful, but to that of the fashionable, which is thus proved to have then become omnipotent. What M. Ramée calls the "delicious taste of simple architectural lines" (page 155), decorating the sarcophagus of Mykerinus, is the last stage of shopkeepers' taste, characteristic of all the oldest and rottenest societies; and every work of the times of Cheops, Cephren and Mykerinus, adds its testimony to that of all reliable history, that those monarchs reigned (probably in the reverse order to that in which we name them) in the only hiatus that Manetho's legends unquestionably present when compared with all real chronology, namely, posterior to Shishak, and in the age that Herodotus and Diodorus were informed, three or four centuries before the former saw them. Nor is it credible that priests could juggle even him into a belief that works before his eyes, really "5300 years" old (according to M. Ramée), were in the freshness of their fourth century; though the opposite delusion has been abundant enough in all ages and countries. E. L. G.

LIFE OF GENERAL SIR ROBERT WILSON, &c. &c. From Autobiographical Memoirs, Journals, Narratives, Correspondence, &c. Edited by his Nephew and Son-in-Law, the Rev. HERBERT RANDOLPH, M.A., Oxon. London. John Murray, 1862. Two vols.

A LIFE of Sir Robert Wilson could hardly fail to be a valuable and instructive work. Few men have seen more of active



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service, and few have been less rewarded than he. His military works have gone through many editions, and are recognised as standard authorities on the subjects of which they treat. He has contributed much to elucidate the history of the last years of the eighteenth and the first half of the nineteenth century. In most of the military events of that stirring period he was a prominent actor. But, while the long list of foreign orders and titles appended to his name on the title page of his *Life* proves that he was highly appreciated by the Governments of continental nations, the absence of any English decoration shows that for some reason he was not equally appreciated in his own. Sir Robert Wilson, able officer and graphic writer as he undoubtedly was, occupied the dreaded position of a man with a grievance. "Sir Robert Wilson," says his biographer, "proudly claimed the honours which he had nobly won. . . . He pressed his claims through many years upon many persons successively holding high offices in the state. All acknowledged his rights; none conceded or effectually vindicated them." "Evidence shall be produced," it is said in another place, "that Sir Robert Wilson's exclusion from the customary rewards of conspicuous merit was the determined and systematic injury of successive Governments, upon party grounds." A hardly credible charge. Englishmen have in the main great confidence in the integrity of their public men. Even if ministers had the power to intercept the favour with which royalty should reward distinguished merit, bystanders do not see what adequate motive could exist for the perpetration of injustice, especially by successive Governments.

By far the greater portion of the two volumes now published is autobiographical. They bring the personal history of Sir Robert Wilson down to the peace of Tilsit in 1807. The third volume is to follow as quickly as possible. It will contain a narrative of his services in the formation and command of the Lusitanian Legion in the Peninsular War of 1808-9, and will bring the biography down to the close of 1814. Succceeding volumes—we are not told how many—will narrate the story of Sir Robert Wilson's defence of the claim of Marshal Ney to the benefit of the capitulation of Paris, which, to use his own words, brought down upon him for the time "the implacable resentment of the Duke of Wellington;" his share in the escape of Lavalette, and the part which he took in the funeral of Queen Caroline; his volunteer services in Spain in 1823, his career in Parliament as member for Southwark, his private life from 1832 to 1842; and finally, his conduct as Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Gibraltar, whence he returned home to die.

The editor, it must be said, has taken but scanty pains with his subject. There is not a date at the head of a page, or in an easily discoverable position throughout the two volumes; a few are scattered through the text; but any reader opening a page and wishing to know when the incident of which he is reading occurred, will be quite unable to ascertain the fact. Readers beyond the circle of Sir Robert Wilson's family care for perusing his life only as that of an actor in some of the most interesting scenes of modern history. To give the details of such a man's life, without at the same time pointing out the connection of the narrative with the history of the day, is vexatious to the reader, and detracts materially from the value of the book. To make his work intelligible, Mr. Randolph should, before each chapter of Sir Robert's journal, have devoted half a dozen pages to a sketch of the particular events in the world's history to which the journal refers. Mr. Randolph does not even tell us when Sir Robert Wilson entered the army, and neither the headings of his pages, nor the table of contents afford us the slightest clue to the mystery. Yet without this information how are we to know what the great operations were in which he immediately took part? We are told that he

landed at Ostend, and that "the Emperor" reviewed the troops soon afterwards. But there is not a single date. We find out incidentally that the Duke of York was in Flanders; we are not told either here or in any part of the book who "the Emperor" was who reviewed the troops. The reader must first exercise his ingenuity in finding out by circumstantial evidence that the campaign was that of 1794, and must then draw on his historical knowledge for the fact that "the Emperor" was the Emperor of Austria, and the enemy Republican France. And let it be observed, that the battles and skirmishes in which Sir Robert Wilson was constantly engaged are as interesting as the battles of the Thirty Years' War, if we cannot refer to the general scope and object of the campaign in which they occurred.

The "Comité du Salut Public" had made enormous preparations for the war. The decrees of 23rd August and 5th September had sent almost every youth capable of bearing arms to the frontier. Nearly a million of men were prepared to act on the offensive. If the interior garrisons, the sick, &c., were counted, this force was much larger. Many men of considerable genius had arisen among the republicans. The whole ability of France was concentrated in the career of arms. Civil employment was everywhere extinguished. The whole energy of the people took a warlike direction. The assignats had hardly yet begun to suffer depreciation; three-fourths of the property of France were at the absolute disposal of a Government which enforced its mandates with the guillotine.

The allies, on the other hand, were distracted by opposing interests, and paralyzed by divisions among their sovereigns. Russia was arming against Poland. Prussia was disbanding part of her troops; and while Frederick William, with absurd inconsistency, was loudly bewailing the spread of revolutionary doctrines and power, he was sending directions to disband a large portion of his army. The Emperor of Austria, equally loud in his anticipations of coming ruin, contented himself, nevertheless, with an offer to take the disbanded troops of Prussia into his pay—an offer which Frederick William disdainfully refused.

Mr. Pitt, at the head of English affairs, soon found that the principal share of the war must fall upon the shoulders of England, if his peculiar views of European policy were to be upheld. Prussia was retained with difficulty in the alliance, and agreed to furnish 62,000 men, a promise which she performed by raising about 30,000 men, and pocketing the English subsidy for the full number. General Mack, who was at first intrusted by the allies with the chief conduct of the campaign, proposed to break through the French lines of operation by the capture of Landrécy, and then to march straight by Laon upon Paris, leaving a strong army in West Flanders to protect his flank and rear. But the Flemings remonstrated against having their country turned into a battle field, and the plan was abandoned. It was resolved to capture Landrécy, and establish there the base of operations.

While this was the position of affairs, young Wilson joined the army, and shortly afterwards the review mentioned in his memoir took place. We only complain that his biographer did not take the trouble to say so.

The historians state the number of men who took part in this review at over a hundred thousand men. Wilson tells us that there were not ninety thousand effectives; yet even with that diminished number of men, the old and absurd system was followed of dividing the army into many detachments. The object ostensibly was to protect every avenue into Flanders, as if the first duty of an army which proposed to act on the offensive was to divide and scatter itself over as large a frontier as possible. The Republicans, profiting by this strange policy, determined on a series of attacks on the detached posts

of the allies, at the same time moving forward their two wings—one towards Philipville, the other towards Dunkirk.

On the 26th of April, a movement was ordered along the whole line. Wilson had been attached as a cornet to the 15th Hussars, which were placed under General Otto, an old Hungarian officer, who acted as lieutenant to the Duke of York. He was a gallant old fellow; but Wilson thought the General somewhat of a barbarian when he heard him assert that he should die happy, if only he could once more hear the trumpets sound a charge against the Prussians. Under him Wilson saw his first battle. The 15th, with two squadrons of Leopold Hussars, were ordered to advance, for Otto had received intelligence that the Emperor, who was on his road to Cateau, was intercepted by the enemy. The French cavalry were in line, but no sooner did the British squadrons advance than the enemy opened out right and left, and retreating to the flanks at a gallop, showed the French infantry posted behind a hollow, and covered by artillery. The gunners were sabred at the guns, and the British charge pierced right through the ranks of the infantry, just in time to encounter the French cavalry, who, having galloped round the flanks, were attempting to form in the rear. Men and horses went down before the furious onset of the British squadrons, who afterwards charged back through the line they had perforated, and rejoined the army. This action has been described by military historians as one that rivalled any in military story. Wilson speaks in terms of disgust of the drunkenness which existed in all ranks of the British army, and states that all ranks, *even the highest*, used to appear on parade in a disgraceful state of intoxication. He speaks in terms of even greater disgust of the barbarous flogging which converted the lines of British regiments into human shambles. "The halberds," he says, "were regularly erected along the lines every morning, and the shrieks of the sufferers made a Pandemonium from which the foreigner fled with terror, and with astonishment at the severity of our military code." This horror he retained all his life; and on every occasion when he could do so, he raised his voice in Parliament against the impolicy and cruelty of such a practice.

In 1796 Sir Robert Wilson returned with his regiment to England, and shortly afterwards married. The bride and bridegroom were both wards in Chancery and under age. They, therefore, were married by the law of Scotland, at Gretna Green, but with the full consent of parents and guardians on both sides. They were afterwards married again in St. George's Church, and the presence and bearing of the bridegroom, as well as the transcendent loveliness of the bride, appear to have caused immense popular enthusiasm. After a short space of service on Major-General St. John's Staff in Ireland, where he served as Brigade-Major, and afterwards as Aide-de-Camp, he rejoined his regiment and remained with it in Holland, until the signature of the Convention, which left the army free to return, in 1799.

In 1800 we find him on his way to Vienna on a mission; but the most careless of biographers omits to tell us what was the nature of the mission. Sir Robert's journal informs us: "The next day I went to Lord Minto, who received me very kindly, and warmly promised his support in the business of my mission. . . . When I saw the Secretary, Mr. Pillan, he informed me that Baron Thugut had desired him to say that I must not think of accepting anything but the cross, pension, privileges, etc. Thus I saw my hopes realized!" What cross? what pension? Surely if a biographer does not intend his book to be a mere string of unmeaning words, he should vouchsafe some statements explanatory of the journal in his text.

Sir Robert joined Sir Ralph Abercromby and sailed for Egypt. After the conclusion of that short but brilliant campaign—a campaign of which the importance was so fully recognised by Napoleon that, as the Duchess



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of Abrantes tells us, he exclaimed on receiving the news, "My project and my dreams are alike destroyed by England!"—Sir Robert Wilson became the historian of the expedition. The journals give us many of those every-day details which, until quite lately, historians have affected to consider beneath the dignity of history. Thus we hear how the Caia Bey, or general of the Turkish army at Rosetta, during the time that the English were in military occupation of the town, tried to levy forced contributions on the merchants, threatening them with the bow-string if they discovered the transaction to the English.

The army, though healthy on the whole, suffered terribly from ophthalmia in consequence of the sirocco; and dysentery, the scourge of armies, prevailed to a considerable extent. Many of the sailors, also, in crossing the sand-banks at the entrance of the Nile, were drowned in the furious surf which beat over them. We also get a graphic sketch of the Turkish camp, to which Wilson was sent with despatches from the general. The grand vizier, a fine old man with a very long and magnificent beard, presented him with a couple of horses.

An amusing circumstance soon after occurred. A large French convoy was crossing the desert, and both cavalry and infantry were ordered out in pursuit. Wilson, with General Hutchinson and General Doyle, galloped forward to reconnoitre. They found that the force was too large to permit the hope of a successful attack. The cavalry alone could come up in time, and the enemy was strong enough to overpower them with ease before the arrival of the infantry. Wilson proposed to advance with a flag of truce, and boldly summon them to surrender. Receiving General Hutchinson's assent, he galloped forward with a white handkerchief on his sword-point, and summoned the brigadier to lay down his arms. Brigadier Cavalier, who was in command, believing that such a summons could only come from an enemy conscious of superior force, and reflecting that certain massacre by the Arabs awaited him in case of defeat, accepted the proposal. By this stratagem the British became possessed of about seven hundred camels, eighty men of the dromedary corps, one hundred and thirty dragoons, "some hair-cap men," three hundred and fifty infantry, and officers, artillerymen, &c., as well as three hundred Arabs and a piece of cannon.

Sir Robert Wilson's next expedition was under Sir David Baird to the Cape of Good Hope, whither he went in command of the cavalry. Sir Robert's dislike to corporal punishment made him resort to some droll methods of correction. Thus, an old sailor who stole some of the commanding officer's Madeira was condemned to take a strong emetic, and to have the "Rogue's March" played to him whenever he became very sick.

We have no space to notice Sir Robert's expedition to Berlin and St. Petersburg as attaché to Lord Hutchinson. The descriptions he gives of the society, both of Berlin and of the Russian Court, are very amusing, as in fact are all those parts of the work which do not depend too much on Mr. Randolph's care.

admiration are always sure to excite. They have proved themselves to be simple, strong, shrewd, and patient—a union of qualities which goes far to make up the noble self-restraint that they have shown during their period of suffering. At such a time another distinguishing characteristic has naturally remained in the background—namely, their easy humour, their power of satire; equally forcible, whether directed against themselves or against others.

The men whom, in other times and in other places, our Lancashire folk most resemble are the mediæval reformers: those who rose up, fighting with sword and pen against the corruptions of the Roman Catholic Church. "Reynard the Fox" might have been written by a Lancashire man. They do, indeed, partake by descent of the old Scandinavian and Teutonic blood which flowed in the veins of the sturdy satirists of the middle ages; and Luther himself, with his relish for resistance against ill-founded and abused authority,—as opposed to those more tender spirits who shrank from the consequences of opposition, while yet they encountered it for conscience' sake,—was a larger, grander type of the North English people, whose first impulse is to differ from the person to whom they speak, and to find out the weak points in his assertions,—about which they delight to exercise their wits in argument, until they either win the victory or feel themselves conquered, when they are invariably candid in acknowledgment of their defeat.

The writer of this article once heard a funeral oration in the French Institute, pronounced by M. Flourens over a deceased member of the Academy of Sciences. In it M. Flourens named as a characteristic of the person of whom he was speaking, that his first impulse was to contradict; that if you met him on the sunniest summer-day and said, "Il fait beau temps," he was sure to reply instantly, and in the very face of the cloudless sky, "Pas du tout:" and curiously enough it turned out that this French academician was of North of England descent. But this is only the rough husk and shell that contains the sweet sound kernel. Yes, it is sweet when the opposite neighbour, personally unknown to the poor family whose dwelling faces hers, noticing the pale little girl whose earnings keep the family of five, but who has gone thirty hours without food herself,—when the kindly Lancashire woman, noticing this, goes quickly out, and pawns her Sunday clothes, her proudly-treasured humble "best," in order to take the money thus obtained to the still "poorer poor," and give them a meal or two. The kernel, we may be sure, is sound, when something like five thousand intelligent workmen, suffering, and seeing their dear ones suffer, through all their life's fibres, on account of the scarcity of cotton, yet met together to express their sympathy with those Northern Americans who are struggling to maintain Order as opposed to Anarchy, and voted a sympathetic address to President Lincoln of encouragement in the war which they believed to be the cause of their misery, preferring a continuance of their sufferings to any expression of impatience, however slight, which should tighten the chains on their black brethren.

In the two works mentioned at the head of this article (the second of which, though old in date, would probably be new to almost all our readers), the peculiar humour which distinguishes the pure Lancashire breed comes out in a greater or less degree. The greater degree is in the Visit to the Great Exhibition,—the lesser in Brierley's very creditable collection of "Tales and Sketches of Lancashire Life." This latter work is rather more of the nature of a catalogue than of a selection. The author puts down pretty faithfully what the ordinary run of Lancashire folk would have said and done on such and such ordinary occasions, such as "A Day Out," "A Strike Adventure," (which might have been made far more characteristic and interesting, without in the least outstepping the modesty of truth), and some pretty love stories; but he does not

choose out distinctive traits and marks of local humour with the same extraordinary felicity as does the "Rachde Felly" who is the author of the other book. This latter exactly understands the happy mixture of shrewd cleverness in all known circumstances, and thorough simplicity in all unexperienced situations, which make up a character replete in personal and local self-conceit; and perceives also the great gain to any one who has a dramatic talent in making him who has experienced adventures the narrator of the same. And there is nothing a Lancashire man delights in more than in this sort of relation of "passages in my autobiography." He does not spare any one, in describing ludicrous situations, and least of all himself.

Read the "Rachde Felly's" account of the way he was cheated by a London blackguard, who had in the first instance persuaded him in an auction room to keep a guinea in his mouth for safety,—intending, of course, to ease him of it,—but had failed on that occasion in so doing (the joke is old enough, but the telling of it is new):

Wen od gotten obeawt haue o moile fro th' okshun reawm, o lad koomme runnin past me, un tumbult oer o stoane ur summit, us aw thaut, ur foine, e slattert sum haupinies us e ad in his hond, un startud o' belling eawt, us iv he'd bin ill puns'd. Au wor sury fur th' lad: un so aw gaytud o elpin im fur to gether o his brass. Wen we'd welley finisht, o mon axt th' lad iv he'd fund o th' brass us wor laust: un he startud o cryen ogen, un sed us he'd fund it o but a ginney pese us e ad: un, bith, mon, iv th' littal powwedurt didnt boke his fingur ut me, un sed us aw ad it e me meawth: un he'd no sunner sed that, nor sum chap geet fast howd o me throte we his honds, un welly throtlet me blak ith faze, koin eawt, saime toime, fur me to drop th' lad's ginney heawt o me meawth. Aw noed wele us od naut o me meawth, but wat belung'd to mesel: but wat eud aw doo? Aw wor beawn fur to be throtlet to deyth, fur aut us aw noad: so aw oppent me meawth, un heawt koomme me ginney oppo th' floor. . . . Whoo dun yo thynk it wor, us ud bin howden me throte? Waw, wen aw koomme to mesel, bith, mon, iv aw didnt see us it wor th' saime rapskallion us od gotten thik we ith okshun reawm. . . . Th' worst uv o wor us wen th' foke seed th' gowd drop eaut o me meawth, they'ra welley fit to poo me e pesus, un sed wat o rogue aw mut be fur to want to steyle th' lad's brasse that rode. Aw towd um ogen un ogen, us it wor me oan ginney, un aw sed, that skeawndril us ud throtlet me wor th' veri chap us hadviseth me fur to put it hinto me meawth, us noboddi met steyle it: un aw sed, aw dinnut kno wat yo thynken, but aw ko it no joak fur to av me ginney stown un be koed o rogue in uth bargin, we o lot o nowmuns loike yo. . . . Aw towd o polease us koomme op obeawt it, un heaw ob bin throtlet heawt uv a ginney us od worch'd ard fur, ofore aw laft Rachde. Wy, th' polease sed, this gentulmun ses it belongs the boy. Waw, aw sed, that chap us yo kom o gentulmun, us won uth arrantist raskula us eaur gut hinto o pare o shune, un aw eun provee it too. Wel, e sed, us must all go with me, un oway we o wenten, un o kreadw o foke aftur us, un in owhole we koomme to sum plaze us we went hinto, un op sum stayres, til we koomme too a greyt reawm we o rooke o foke in, un o mon sittin in a cheer, we o greyt wig on. Th' polease towd im wat he'd sin un yerd, un then e twrn't to me un ax'd wat aw fur to say. . . . So aw towd im us od komn fro Rachde to see th' Greyt Eggshibishun, un o obeawt gettin thik we that chap ith okshun reawm, un wat he'd hadvis'd me fur to doo, un heaw th' saime mon ud elp'd that lad fur to steyle me ginney. . . . Ur that he ax'd that gentulmun thefe wat e ad fur to say; un, olbehang'd, ith villun didnt say us he'd nevir sin me ofore nowere, un us e noather noed me nur th' lad. Aw sed, he's lym, Mestur Justis, e is fur shure. Yo may depend, un e's naut but o arrunt thefe, us shure us om stonnin ofore yo. Stop, my man, e sed, u must be silunt. I'm afayrd I can do nothing for u. Wat, aw sed, connut yo ordur im fur to gie me that ginney bak us he's stown? But e sed the boy ses it belongs to im: but av u any one that saw u put the ginney in you'r mouth? To be shure, aw sed, that chap there bwoth seed me un hadvyst me fur to doo it. So e ax'd im iv it wor so, un th' lym powwedurt sed us e nevir seed me ofore, nowere. Wel, aw sed, aw wondur us he's noane feyrd o bein strucken dey'd, fur e noes us he's o lym thefe, us shure us yo're o justis. Wel, e sed, I'm sorri I can do nothin for u, my man: I'm afayrd u've faulen hinto bad hands, and I'm veri sorri. Un so am aw, aw sed, but sich loike justis dussent disaktly shute me, un its noane sich us wod o bin dun e Rachde.

One or two of the expressions in the previous extract have stories connected with them. For instance, *pouce-dirt*. Rochdale was at one time great in the woollen manufacture; and *pouce* was the opprobrious name used wherever this manufacture prevailed in the district for the dirty dusty rubbish with which the wool was adulterated. When Mrs. Siddons came to act in one of the Yorkshire manufacturing towns, she was astonished and pleased by the knowledge of Shakspeare evinced by the wool-weavers who came to see her in *Lady Macbeth*, &c. Whenever she deviated from the text as Shakspeare wrote it, and introduced theatrical alterations, they stopped her by crying, "No pouce, Sally! gi' us no au o' yo'r pouce!"

There is a perpetual charm in living amongst humorous people, which is one of the pleasures

TALES AND SKETCHES OF LANCASHIRE LIFE. By BENJAMIN BRIERLEY. Two Vols. Manchester: Heywood. 1863.

O FUL, TRU, UN PERTIKLER OKEAWNT O BWOth WAT AW SEED, UN WAT AW YERD, WE GOOING TOO THE GREYT EGGSIBISHUN, &c. Be o Felley fro Rachde. Rachde: H. M. Crosskill. Manchesstur: A. un J. Heywood. 1851.

PUBLIC attention has been directed towards Lancashire and Lancashire people pretty constantly during the last six or eight months, and one consequence of the calamity which has brought the district and its inhabitants into the conspicuous position they now occupy, is that henceforward they will be looked upon with the interest which those who have commanded our respectful



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of dwelling in Lancashire. In the South men's minds run in ruts, and when a conversation is started you can generally guess, if you have any knowledge of the speakers, how their opinions will go. But it is different with the pure-bred Lancashire man; he is most distinctly an individual, and is hampered by no desire for consistency, no reverence for established custom,—he can follow the drift of his own thoughts without these hindrances. An acquaintance of ours, an attorney, was sent for to make the will of a man who had accumulated a considerable sum of money by his own exertions.

"I give and bequeath to Mary my wife," said the sick man, "the sum of one hundred pounds a year. Is that written down, measter?"

"Yes. But she is not so old; she may marry again. Won't you make any change in that case? most people do."

"Aye, do they? Well, write again, and say,—And if Mary my wife marries again I give and bequeath to her the sum of two hundred pounds a year. That'll do, won't it, measter?"

"Why it's just doubling the sum she would have if she remained unmarried. It is generally the other way—the legacy is lessened if the widow marries again."

"Aye, but him as gets her 'll deserve it."

It is this independence of thought, and consequently in the mode of living, which has made so many of those who have become rich through their own exertions and saving indifferent as to any change in their domestic arrangements, after they have once reached the standard which is considered comfort. Examples of what is meant, which were numerous everywhere in the last generation, are now to be found in the remoter districts of South Lancashire. A year or two ago, there were men worth their seventy or a hundred thousand pounds who had started in life with nothing at all. These men dressed in fustian on week days, toiled their twelve hours a day in the counting-house of their mills, came home to their warm cheerful kitchen fires, and there spent their evenings smoking their pipes and talking with their neighbours. Their opinions were decided for life long before, and were immovable as the hills; every man who did not agree with them was esteemed either a knave or a fool; their delight was to find fault with Government, whatever it was doing, and to say things would be very different if so and so (some favourite political hero of theirs, generally of local reputation) were prime minister. They had a favourite newspaper, and what it said was held to be of far more practical authority than the Bible. These men practised small economies to the end of their days, and scarcely expended a hundred a year on the living of their own households. Some of our great ducal landowners could tell of the sturdy Lancashire men who have travelled down south in third-class trains, and walked from the nearest station to the back entrance of the ducal mansion, and when reluctantly admitted by the perplexed servants to their master's presence, have paid down their seventy or eighty thousand pounds for an estate before leaving the house. Yet the new landowner would return home in the same manner as he came, and say little about his purchase to any one, as he continued to smoke his pipe in his kitchen chimney corner.

But "Lancashire life," such as it was but a few years ago, is fast passing away, perhaps never to return. Much of the outside of it, at least, will be rubbed off by the tremendous crisis of the present. Enough if there still remain that sturdy independence of character which is now, under the easy lecturing of well-to-do southern lookers-on, endeavouring to solve in its own way some of the most complex economical and social problems.

LA NOUVELLE BABYLONE. Lettres d'un Provincial. Par M. Eugène Pelletan. Paris, 1862. TEN YEARS OF IMPERIALISM. By a Flâneur. Blackwood. 1860.

THE work of M. Pelletan is of those to which persecution gives fame and credit. Had it been published under a free government, it would have met with little success, for its merit consists rather in moral

courage than in style or matter. Under the present régime in France, the author deserves no small praise for a work which boldly draws comparison between Paris as it now is, and as it was twenty-five years ago, and which, avoiding a direct attack upon the Emperor, ventures to point out what a *décadence* there has been in the mental activity of his countrymen. The moral to be drawn from such a picture is obvious to the thinskin censors of the French press; but suppression will be followed, as through a law of nature, by a larger edition published in Belgium, and by a circulation in France excited by the pleasure of partaking of a forbidden fruit. The suppression of a work such as this is the best test of the truth to which it points, and is therefore the best answer which can be given to the "Flâneur's" recent work, which, while fully testifying to the same facts, ascribes them to other causes than the present Government, and which is conceived in a tone more favourable to the Emperor. M. Pelletan professes to have returned to Paris after a residence in the country of twenty-five years; he had previously been a witness of the revolution of July, and had shared as a law student in the excitement of that time; he recollects the enthusiasm which it brought forth, and the inspiration which it gave to genius of all kind. In philosophy, there was Cousin, Jouffroy, Lamennais, and Jean Reynaud. Among the teachers of socialism were Saint Simon and Fourier; Auguste Comte was elaborating his new theories of positivism; for political economy Blanqui and Sismondi were working in public; and Bastiat, yet unknown, was meditating his brilliant essays to show the harmony of its laws with those of liberty. Among historians there were Augustin Thierry, Mignet, Michelet, and Edgar Quinet; while at the tribune were Royer Collard, and Berryer, Thiers and Guizot, Odillon Barrot and Dufaure, a band of orators and statesmen of which France might well be proud. For the press were writing Armand Carrel, Armand Marrast, and Fonfrède; and first among other distinguished writers were Lamartine, Victor Hugo, Barbier and Musset, Chateaubriand and Montalembert. The wise and gifted Alexis de Tocqueville was just commencing his career. Béranger still occasionally produced a *chanson*. George Sand and Balzac were founding a new school of novelists. The same energy and genius were to be found in Art; Delacroix, Horace Vernet, Ingres, Scheffer, and Delaroche, were displaying in their several styles the highest qualities of their profession. On his return to Paris, where are all these men to be found? Those still alive live, for the most part, in retirement or in exile, and those who are dead have left no successors.

"Genius disappears first, and, a little later, talent; we live for awhile on the capital of the past, but not being renewed, this reserve fund disappears. I know of no sadness more bitter than this prostration of intellect, this stagnation of public opinion, this monotony and perpetuity of nothing." "The indifference of the public reacts upon the talent of the writer; time goes by without ever a word being said worthy of the future. Search in what direction you will, and there is no sign on the horizon of genius or of progress of ideas."

The "Flâneur" is to the same effect. "There are no traces of a new Augustan era; on the contrary, even the old brilliancy of French genius seems to have faded away." "All this fertility has scarcely produced a single work which promises to outlive its author, or brought forward a name which could be placed side by side with even the second-rate celebrities of the last generation." M. Pelletan proceeds to describe in detail the substitute which they now have for the genius, eloquence, and fertility of invention of the past, in the insipidity and dulness of the press, in the frivolous tone of society and the extravagant habits which have possessed it, in the superstitious fashion of spirit-rapping, in the universal gambling on the

Bourse, in the open scandal of the *demi-monde*, in the falling off of education, and the increase of crimes of violence among the lower orders.

And then Paris itself: how altered from what he recollects it, and such as we have it so eloquently and touchingly described by Victor Hugo in the well-known passage of "Les Misérables," with all its historical reminiscences, then so fresh; now so improved, by almost effacing old Paris from memory! M. Pelletan finds no objection to the completion of the Rue de Rivoli, or the piercing Paris by the Boulevard de Strasbourg, or the completing the Louvre, though good taste might fairly object to its new court, and to the line of statues perched on the top of its porticos, of which a wit has said, "Il y a trop d'hommes sur le rempart;" but why should these examples give rise to Boulevards and Louvres in all directions? The fever of demolition never abates, fresh boulevards are being continually laid out, piercing through Paris in every direction, without any apparent object; and Louvres in the shape of barracks or theatres are built so as to command them. "Axe and hammer," says the "Flâneur," "as handled by the 'Edilité' of Paris, are like death; they wait no man's pleasure, and strike suddenly. Another week or two, and another leaf will have been torn out of the book of historical Paris."

No man feels safe in his apartment, to which the Parisian is so attached; at a moment's notice he may have to turn out and seek a fresh home; while rents have risen to a frightful amount, notwithstanding the laws of political economy, which are so cogently appealed to by the Préfet, who has, however, absolute power over the statistics and accounts on which he founds his arguments. The reasons given to M. Pelletan for all this demolition vary according to the turn of mind of the person he questions. The military man says that the Government is only carrying out the designs of its predecessors in making Paris safe from *émeutes*. From the earliest times the governing power has regarded Paris as its first danger. "C'est une tête trop grosse pour le corps," said Louis XI. Louis XIV. felt this, and placed the seat of his despotism at Versailles, the best military position within easy reach of Paris. Napoleon worked out the same idea in planning the Rue de Rivoli and the Place d'Armes of the Tuileries, and in erecting the barracks of the Quai d'Orsay; while Louis Philippe, with the same end, surrounded Paris with detached forts, whose only use was to awe the city. But experience showing the insufficiency of these, the present Emperor has completed the system, by driving five or six main arteries through the heart of the dangerous quarters, by macadamizing the roads, by isolating the Hôtel de Ville, by building stone block-houses for various ostensible purposes in every commanding position, by constructing the barracks of Prince Eugène, and completing the Place d'Armes of the Louvre and Carrousel. The position is now safe, and cannot be forced without cannon, a weapon which a mob will hardly be able to improvise.

Another of his acquaintances laughs at these military reasons. "I have no acquaintance with the Préfet; but I can assure you that in demolishing half Paris he had no wish to barricade the Government. To barricade it? Against whom? against the people? Why, the Government pretends to be the people itself, individualized by an operation of the ballot box; it would be then against itself that it would be arming on this hypothesis." The explanation he gives is that the Préfet "has had the intelligence to comprehend that a democratic power, the result of universal suffrage, has charge of the working classes, and owes it to supply them with food." The failure of the *ateliers nationaux* gave rise to the Imperial idea of employing, by one operation, all the principal trades of Paris: the building trade is the mother of all others; so, by pulling down half Paris, and rebuilding it you give employment for years to more than 100,000 workmen of all kinds of trades, who will thus receive regular



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wages, and will bless the Providence that watches over them. "La digestion à l'esprit conservateur; c'est la pensée à jeun qui rêve de révolution." Half Paris yet remains to be rebuilt, so that there is no fear for the future.

Another suggests the artistic view of the question—"To a sovereign people is due a capital splendid as a palace, to an artistic people is a capital like a musée. The Emperor's ambition may be to connect his name with the permanent embellishment of Paris, and in the old terms to boast that he found it of brick, and left it of marble. The beauty of the new Boulevards with their avenue of trees is incontestable; but the order of architecture is throughout the same, and the result is a monotony of buildings which is becoming unbearable, and to which the few remaining parts of old Paris are insufficient relief. The advantage of making these openings for light and air is said to be overrated, for the old houses used to have large courts, and often gardens behind them, while now that they are thrown back they are much confined, and the air gained on one side is lost on the other. The whole question of the rebuilding of Paris is full of interest to Londoners, and our friend the "Flâneur" gives a much more favourable account of its results; but it is impossible under the present régime to arrive at anything like a true basis of accounts. The Préfet of the Seine is a creature of the Government, and not responsible to the people of Paris; and as he tortures his budget to suit the exigencies of politics, his accounts are notoriously incorrect. From the present work, it is well that people on this side of the Channel should learn that there is a possible dark side even to the beautiful picture of Paris which the Emperor presents to us, while the result of his government is never so well illustrated as by the dearth of intellect and genius which is growing up under its influence. G. L.

## THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION.

LA SITUATION RUSSE. Par M. OGAREFF. Trübner & Co. 1862.

M. OGAREFF writes with the dogmatism of a theorist and the fervour of a political fanatic. He is an advocate who brings a bill of indictment against the whole system of Russian Government. No reader can, therefore, expect to find in his work an impartial account of the condition of Russia. Yet M. Ogareff's essay supplies a fund of valuable information to all persons sensible enough to separate a writer's facts from his speculations, and to allow for the bias always to be found in the pamphlets of ardent partisans. In some degree the vehemence of M. Ogareff's partisanship gives a kind of fairness to his work. Enthusiasts, who see but one side of a question, generally believe so firmly in the manifest truth of their views, that they are little tempted to conceal facts which seem to all but themselves to tell against their theories. M. Ogareff points out, at any rate, with admirable clearness one aspect of the Russian revolution, and leaves his readers to learn from their own conjectures, or from other informants, what is the picture that might be drawn by a painter who looked at the same facts from another point of view. The English public, anxious to understand something of the convulsion which is now shaking to its basis the empire of the Czar, will at any rate gain some knowledge by studying the facts and opinions put forward by a leader amongst Russian democrats. Russia is, according to M. Ogareff, in a situation utterly unlike that occupied by any other European country; for within the limits of the great Empire are sown, in juxtaposition rather than in union, two forms of civilization, which, though they have existed in almost all lands, have been in most countries divided from each other by the lapse of centuries. The diplomatists, the generals, the bishops, and dignitaries with whom foreigners have mostly to deal, seem, at first sight at least, a class similar to the

officials of Vienna or of Berlin. Even this body is, when more thoroughly known, in some important respects, unlike the corresponding order in other countries. It is, for instance, broken into two parts by the division into officials with hereditary estates, and officials remunerated by salaries. Still the governing body of Russia stands on the same level of civilization as the educated class of other countries. What is strange in its position is the possession of the titles without the real power of an aristocracy, and the fact that it is a caste cut off in sympathy and in interests from the mass of the people.

But in the condition of the people lies the true anomaly of Russian civilization. The Russian peasants are not like the peasants of other European lands, for they live, wherever their most cherished habits are not broken through by the arbitrary decrees of the official world, in village communities. These villages are corporate bodies, with rights and with property which is owned by the corporation itself, and not by the individuals of whom the corporation is made up. As the Roman *gentes* lived in times prior to the commencement of authentic Roman history, or as, again, our Saxon ancestors lived before the Norman Conquest, so the mass of the Russian peasantry live at the present day. The village is everything. It is a petty state ruled by its own customs according to the will of all its married inhabitants, whether male or female. Small lots of ground are hereditary in particular families; but the mass of the land is common property, which is distributed by the vote of the village to each married couple in accordance with the increase or the decrease of the population. Of course, such a system involves constant re-division of the land; and such re-division and re-assignment constantly take place. So strong, according to M. Ogareff, is the force of custom and unwritten law, that all these village arrangements, complex as they appear, are as a matter of fact carried out by the unanimous vote of the male and female villagers, without any difficulty, and without giving rise to disputes. Were the Russian people left to follow out the dictates of their natural instincts, the whole country would consist of small villages possessed of self-government. As it is, the rights of the nobility, or, in other words, the officials, over the serfs, no less than the direct claims of the Czar, constantly interfere with this village autonomy, and impede its free development.

From the existence on the one hand of a governing class, with despotic rights and nominal claims to proprietorship in the soil, on the other of peasants who feel themselves, and who, in many respects, are possessors of the land, have arisen strange and almost self-contradictory doctrines, which run through all Russian theories as to the tenure of land. "We," say the peasants, "are the property of our lords or of the Czar, but the land is our own." "The land," says the Russian Government, "belongs to the proprietor, but the enjoyment of it to the peasants." As long as serfdom exists, the inconsistent claims of proprietors and peasants meet with a practical reconciliation. The peasant is not disturbed in the possession of land. The noble receives a kind of rent in the involuntary service of his serf. Now that every one feels that serfdom must pass away, the contradiction, which hitherto was latent, becomes apparent. The serfs value liberty, but they will not give up land, which they esteem, and rightly, their own. Nay, more, they will not enter into contracts which, if they secure freedom, yet invalidate their title to the soil. Thus the Russian Government almost sinks under the weight of its gigantic task, and scarcely knows how to free the people without ruining the officials, or how to leave the officials in prosperity and give freedom to the people. Moreover the Government wishes, from M. Ogareff's point of view, most unwisely, to break down the system of village-proprietorships, and to introduce the system of individual property, and thus labours to carry through at one stroke two enormous social revolutions.

A ruling class, which thoroughly entered into the feelings of the people, would find it difficult to carry such an attempt to a successful issue; but the Russian officials are divided by an almost impassable gulf from the Russian peasants. One curious fact suffices to measure the whole width of this abyss. All mercantile transactions between peasants and tradesmen are carried out on a system of simple credit; each party trusts to the other's word, and to his word alone. Good faith, M. Ogareff asserts, is almost invariably observed. Neither party chooses to appeal to the law, since the law is made and administered by the bureaucracy; but the same men, who in dealing with each other adhere with unshaken fidelity to their arrangements, employ every resource of artifice and cunning to defraud the officials with whom they may happen to have transactions. The administration and the people stand, therefore, apart from each other, ruled by different customs and different laws, and looking upon each other as foreigners or as enemies. The Czar's officers fully understand that this state of feeling exists. General Bistrome, when he led the soldiers against the students of the University, cheered his men on with the remark, that the students were training to become officials and plunderers of the people.

In other countries the middle classes and the Church have, each in different ways, served to bridge over the separation between the Government and the peasantry. Russia has no middle class, and in the Church there is found the very same division as in the State. It must not, however, be supposed that educated Russians are indifferent to the condition of the people. In spite of the tyranny of a Government which dreaded the power of thought, theories of political and social amelioration have seized hold upon the minds of the young nobles of Russia. The speculations of political economists, the doctrines of English constitutionalists, the theories of Parisian socialists, have all penetrated into the intellects and feelings of the men of this generation. M. Ogareff himself is the type of a class who combine their admiration for the customs of the Russian villages with admiration for the works of leading modern communists. While the Emperor one day frees the serfs, and another day fires on the peasants who attempt to understand his proclamation of freedom, young Russian nobles who have been precluded from political life form schemes which are to terminate in changing the great empire into a great confederacy of independent villages. Not only foreigners, but Russians themselves, are utterly perplexed at the manifestations of the approaching storm. A Conservative Russian paper stands aghast at the folly of peasants who will not pay for land which they consider their own, and will pay taxes to found schools. Whilst many worthy Russian gentlemen, brought up under a different order of things, doubtless re-echo the dictum of the general who burnt Moscow:—"I can understand," he said, in 1825, "why commoners in France should have desired the rights of nobles—I cannot understand why our nobles should seek to become commoners."

M. Ogareff's statements are, we should suspect, true as far as they go, but it is impossible for candid and attentive readers of his book not to perceive that there is, even on his own showing, the existence of a side of the Russian question which he has neglected. He identifies the Czar with the officials, and sees in the weakness of the Government the weakness of the throne; but the common people entertain a different opinion; to them the Czar is still a mighty and benevolent being, whose efforts for their amelioration are thwarted by corrupt administrators. If the proclamation falls short of their expectations, they suspect the nobles of fraud, but do not doubt the Emperor's goodwill. Nor have the Czars entirely failed to merit the reverence of their subjects. Russian Emperors may have committed every crime, but they have not committed the last and fatal crime



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It is this independence of thought, and consequently in the mode of living, which has made so many of those who have become rich through their own exertions and saving indifferent as to any change in their domestic arrangements, after they have once reached the standard which is considered comfort. Examples of what is meant, which were numerous everywhere in the last generation, are now to be found in the remoter districts of South Lancashire. A year or two ago, there were men worth their seventy or a hundred thousand pounds who had started in life with nothing at all. These men dressed in fustian on week days, toiled their twelve hours a day in the counting-house of their mills, came home to their warm cheerful kitchen fires, and there spent their evenings smoking their pipes and talking with their neighbours. Their opinions were decided for life long before, and were immovable as the hills; every man who did not agree with them was esteemed either a knave or a fool; their delight was to find fault with Government, whatever it was doing, and to say things would be very different if so and so (some favourite political hero of theirs, generally of local reputation) were prime minister. They had a favourite newspaper, and what it said was held to be of far more practical authority than the Bible. These men practised small economies to the end of their days, and scarcely expended a hundred a year on the living of their own households. Some of our great ducal landowners could tell of the sturdy Lancashire men who have travelled down south in third-class trains, and walked from the nearest station to the back entrance of the ducal mansion, and when reluctantly admitted by the perplexed servants to their master's presence, have paid down their seventy or eighty thousand pounds for an estate before leaving the house. Yet the new landowner would return home in the same manner as he came, and say little about his purchase to any one, as he continued to smoke his pipe in his kitchen chimney corner.

But "Lancashire life," such as it was but a few years ago, is fast passing away, perhaps never to return. Much of the outside of it, at least, will be rubbed off by the tremendous crisis of the present. Enough if there still remain that sturdy independence of character which is now, under the easy lecturing of well-to-do southern lookers-on, endeavouring to solve in its own way some of the most complex economical and social problems.

LA NOUVELLE BABYLONE. Lettres d'un Provincial. Par M. Eugène Pelletan. Paris, 1862.  
TEN YEARS OF IMPERIALISM. By a Flâneur. Blackwood, 1860.

THE work of M. Pelletan is of those to which persecution gives fame and credit. Had it been published under a free government, it would have met with little success, for its merit consists rather in moral

courage than in style or matter. Under the present régime in France, the author deserves no small praise for a work which boldly draws comparison between Paris as it now is, and as it was twenty-five years ago, and which, avoiding a direct attack upon the Emperor, ventures to point out what a *décadence* there has been in the mental activity of his countrymen. The moral to be drawn from such a picture is obvious to the thinskin censors of the French press; but suppression will be followed, as through a law of nature, by a larger edition published in Belgium, and by a circulation in France excited by the pleasure of partaking of a forbidden fruit. The suppression of a work such as this is the best test of the truth to which it points, and is therefore the best answer which can be given to the "Flâneur's" recent work, which, while fully testifying to the same facts, ascribes them to other causes than the present Government, and which is conceived in a tone more favourable to the Emperor. M. Pelletan professes to have returned to Paris after a residence in the country of twenty-five years; he had previously been a witness of the revolution of July, and had shared as a law student in the excitement of that time; he recollects the enthusiasm which it brought forth, and the inspiration which it gave to genius of all kind. In philosophy, there was Cousin, Jouffroy, Lamennais, and Jean Reynaud. Among the teachers of socialism were Saint Simon and Fourier; Auguste Comte was elaborating his new theories of positivism; for political economy Blanqui and Sismondi were working in public; and Bastiat, yet unknown, was meditating his brilliant essays to show the harmony of its laws with those of liberty. Among historians there were Augustin Thierry, Mignet, Michelet, and Edgar Quinet; while at the tribune were Royer Collard, and Berryer, Thiers and Guizot, Odillon Barrot and Dufaure, a band of orators and statesmen of which France might well be proud. For the press were writing Armand Carrel, Armand Marrast, and Fonfrède; and first among other distinguished writers were Lamartine, Victor Hugo, Barbier and Musset, Chateaubriand and Montalembert. The wise and gifted Alexis de Tocqueville was just commencing his career. Béranger still occasionally produced a *chanson*. George Sand and Balzac were founding a new school of novelists. The same energy and genius were to be found in Art; Delacroix, Horace Vernet, Ingres, Scheffer, and Delaroche, were displaying in their several styles the highest qualities of their profession. On his return to Paris, where are all these men to be found? Those still alive live, for the most part, in retirement or in exile, and those who are dead have left no successors.

"Genius disappears first, and, a little later, talent; we live for awhile on the capital of the past, but not being renewed, this reserve fund disappears. I know of no sadness more bitter than this prostration of intellect, this stagnation of public opinion, this monotony and perpetuity of nothing." "The indifference of the public reacts upon the talent of the writer; time goes by without ever a word being said worthy of the future. Search in what direction you will, and there is no sign on the horizon of genius or of progress of ideas."

The "Flâneur" is to the same effect. "There are no traces of a new Augustan era; on the contrary, even the old brilliancy of French genius seems to have faded away." "All this fertility has scarcely produced a single work which promises to outlive its author, or brought forward a name which could be placed side by side with even the second-rate celebrities of the last generation." M. Pelletan proceeds to describe in detail the substitute which they now have for the genius, eloquence, and fertility of invention of the past, in the insipidity and dulness of the press, in the frivolous tone of society and the extravagant habits which have possessed it, in the superstitious fashion of spirit-rapping, in the universal gambling on the

Bourse, in the open scandal of the *demi-monde*, in the falling off of education, and the increase of crimes of violence among the lower orders.

And then Paris itself: how altered from what he recollects it, and such as we have it so eloquently and touchingly described by Victor Hugo in the well-known passage of "Les Misérables," with all its historical reminiscences, then so fresh; now so improved, by almost effacing old Paris from memory! M. Pelletan finds no objection to the completion of the Rue de Rivoli, or the piercing Paris by the Boulevard de Strasbourg, or the completing the Louvre, though good taste might fairly object to its new court, and to the line of statues perched on the top of its porticos, of which a wit has said, "Il y a trop d'hommes sur le rempart;" but why should these examples give rise to Boulevards and Louvres in all directions? The fever of demolition never abates, fresh boulevards are being continually laid out, piercing through Paris in every direction, without any apparent object; and Louvres in the shape of barracks or theatres are built so as to command them. "Axe and hammer," says the "Flâneur," "as handled by the 'Edilité' of Paris, are like death; they wait no man's pleasure, and strike suddenly. Another week or two, and another leaf will have been torn out of the book of historical Paris."

No man feels safe in his apartment, to which the Parisian is so attached; at a moment's notice he may have to turn out and seek a fresh home; while rents have risen to a frightful amount, notwithstanding the laws of political economy, which are so cogently appealed to by the Préfet, who has, however, absolute power over the statistics and accounts on which he founds his arguments. The reasons given to M. Pelletan for all this demolition vary according to the turn of mind of the person he questions. The military man says that the Government is only carrying out the designs of its predecessors in making Paris safe from *émeutes*. From the earliest times the governing power has regarded Paris as its first danger. "*C'est une tête trop grosse pour le corps*," said Louis XI. Louis XIV. felt this, and placed the seat of his despotism at Versailles, the best military position within easy reach of Paris. Napoleon worked out the same idea in planning the Rue de Rivoli and the Place d'Armes of the Tuileries, and in erecting the barracks of the Quai d'Orsay; while Louis Philippe, with the same end, surrounded Paris with detached forts, whose only use was to awe the city. But experience showing the insufficiency of these, the present Emperor has completed the system, by driving five or six main arteries through the heart of the dangerous quarters, by macadamizing the roads, by isolating the Hôtel de Ville, by building stone block-houses for various ostensible purposes in every commanding position, by constructing the barracks of Prince Eugène, and completing the Place d'Armes of the Louvre and Carrousel. The position is now safe, and cannot be forced without cannon, a weapon which a mob will hardly be able to improvise.

Another of his acquaintances laughs at these military reasons. "I have no acquaintance with the Préfet; but I can assure you that in demolishing half Paris he had no wish to barricade the Government. To barricade it? Against whom? against the people? Why, the Government pretends to be the people itself, individualized by an operation of the ballot box; it would be then against itself that it would be arming on this hypothesis." The explanation he gives is that the Préfet "has had the intelligence to comprehend that a democratic power, the result of universal suffrage, has charge of the working classes, and owes it to supply them with food." The failure of the *ateliers nationaux* gave rise to the Imperial idea of employing, by one operation, all the principal trades of Paris: the building trade is the mother of all others; so, by pulling down half Paris, and rebuilding it you give employment for years to more than 100,000 workmen of all kinds of trades, who will thus receive regular



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wages, and will bless the Providence that watches over them. "La digestion a l'esprit conservateur; c'est la pensée à jeun qui rêve de révolution." Half Paris yet remains to be rebuilt, so that there is no fear for the future.

Another suggests the artistic view of the question—"To a sovereign people is due a capital splendid as a palace, to an artistic people is a capital like a musée. The Emperor's ambition may be to connect his name with the permanent embellishment of Paris, and in the old terms to boast that he found it of brick, and left it of marble. The beauty of the new Boulevards with their avenue of trees is incontestable; but the order of architecture is throughout the same, and the result is a monotony of buildings which is becoming unbearable, and to which the few remaining parts of old Paris are insufficient relief. The advantage of making these openings for light and air is said to be overrated, for the old houses used to have large courts, and often gardens behind them, while now that they are thrown back they are much confined, and the air gained on one side is lost on the other. The whole question of the rebuilding of Paris is full of interest to Londoners, and our friend the "Flâneur" gives a much more favourable account of its results; but it is impossible under the present régime to arrive at anything like a true basis of accounts. The Préfet of the Seine is a creature of the Government, and not responsible to the people of Paris; and as he tortures his budget to suit the exigencies of politics, his accounts are notoriously incorrect. From the present work, it is well that people on this side of the Channel should learn that there is a possible dark side even to the beautiful picture of Paris which the Emperor presents to us, while the result of his government is never so well illustrated as by the dearth of intellect and genius which is growing up under its influence. G. L.

## THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION.

LA SITUATION RUSSE. Par M. OGAREFF. Trübner & Co. 1862.

M. OGAREFF writes with the dogmatism of a theorist and the fervour of a political fanatic. He is an advocate who brings a bill of indictment against the whole system of Russian Government. No reader can, therefore, expect to find in his work an impartial account of the condition of Russia. Yet M. Ogareff's essay supplies a fund of valuable information to all persons sensible enough to separate a writer's facts from his speculations, and to allow for the bias always to be found in the pamphlets of ardent partisans. In some degree the vehemence of M. Ogareff's partisanship gives a kind of fairness to his work. Enthusiasts, who see but one side of a question, generally believe so firmly in the manifest truth of their views, that they are little tempted to conceal facts which seem to all but themselves to tell against their theories. M. Ogareff points out, at any rate, with admirable clearness one aspect of the Russian revolution, and leaves his readers to learn from their own conjectures, or from other informants, what is the picture that might be drawn by a painter who looked at the same facts from another point of view. The English public, anxious to understand something of the convulsion which is now shaking to its basis the empire of the Czar, will at any rate gain some knowledge by studying the facts and opinions put forward by a leader amongst Russian democrats. Russia is, according to M. Ogareff, in a situation utterly unlike that occupied by any other European country; for within the limits of the great Empire are sown, in juxtaposition rather than in union, two forms of civilization, which, though they have existed in almost all lands, have been in most countries divided from each other by the lapse of centuries. The diplomatists, the generals, the bishops, and dignitaries with whom foreigners have mostly to deal, seem, at first sight at least, a class similar to the

officials of Vienna or of Berlin. Even this body is, when more thoroughly known, in some important respects, unlike the corresponding order in other countries. It is, for instance, broken into two parts by the division into officials with hereditary estates, and officials remunerated by salaries. Still the governing body of Russia stands on the same level of civilization as the educated class of other countries. What is strange in its position is the possession of the titles without the real power of an aristocracy, and the fact that it is a caste cut off in sympathy and in interests from the mass of the people.

But in the condition of the people lies the true anomaly of Russian civilization. The Russian peasants are not like the peasants of other European lands, for they live, wherever their most cherished habits are not broken through by the arbitrary decrees of the official world, in village communities. These villages are corporate bodies, with rights and with property which is owned by the corporation itself, and not by the individuals of whom the corporation is made up. As the Roman *gentes* lived in times prior to the commencement of authentic Roman history, or as, again, our Saxon ancestors lived before the Norman Conquest, so the mass of the Russian peasantry live at the present day. The village is everything. It is a petty state ruled by its own customs according to the will of all its married inhabitants, whether male or female. Small lots of ground are hereditary in particular families; but the mass of the land is common property, which is distributed by the vote of the village to each married couple in accordance with the increase or the decrease of the population. Of course, such a system involves constant re-division of the land; and such re-division and re-assignment constantly take place. So strong, according to M. Ogareff, is the force of custom and unwritten law, that all these village arrangements, complex as they appear, are as a matter of fact carried out by the unanimous vote of the male and female villagers, without any difficulty, and without giving rise to disputes. Were the Russian people left to follow out the dictates of their natural instincts, the whole country would consist of small villages possessed of self-government. As it is, the rights of the nobility, or, in other words, the officials, over the serfs, no less than the direct claims of the Czar, constantly interfere with this village autonomy, and impede its free development.

From the existence on the one hand of a governing class, with despotic rights and nominal claims to proprietorship in the soil, on the other of peasants who feel themselves, and who, in many respects, are possessors of the land, have arisen strange and almost self-contradictory doctrines, which run through all Russian theories as to the tenure of land. "We," say the peasants, "are the property of our lords or of the Czar, but the land is our own." "The land," says the Russian Government, "belongs to the proprietor, but the enjoyment of it to the peasants." As long as serfdom exists, the inconsistent claims of proprietors and peasants meet with a practical reconciliation. The peasant is not disturbed in the possession of land. The noble receives a kind of rent in the involuntary service of his serf. Now that every one feels that serfdom must pass away, the contradiction, which hitherto was latent, becomes apparent. The serfs value liberty, but they will not give up land, which they esteem, and rightly, their own. Nay, more, they will not enter into contracts which, if they secure freedom, yet invalidate their title to the soil. Thus the Russian Government almost sinks under the weight of its gigantic task, and scarcely knows how to free the people without ruining the officials, or how to leave the officials in prosperity and give freedom to the people. Moreover the Government wishes, from M. Ogareff's point of view, most unwisely, to break down the system of village-proprietorships, and to introduce the system of individual property, and thus labours to carry through at one stroke two enormous social revolutions.

A ruling class, which thoroughly entered into the feelings of the people, would find it difficult to carry such an attempt to a successful issue; but the Russian officials are divided by an almost impassable gulf from the Russian peasants. One curious fact suffices to measure the whole width of this abyss. All mercantile transactions between peasants and tradesmen are carried out on a system of simple credit; each party trusts to the other's word, and to his word alone. Good faith, M. Ogareff asserts, is almost invariably observed. Neither party chooses to appeal to the law, since the law is made and administered by the bureaucracy; but the same men, who in dealing with each other adhere with unshaken fidelity to their arrangements, employ every resource of artifice and cunning to defraud the officials with whom they may happen to have transactions. The administration and the people stand, therefore, apart from each other, ruled by different customs and different laws, and looking upon each other as foreigners or as enemies. The Czar's officers fully understand that this state of feeling exists. General Bistrome, when he led the soldiers against the students of the University, cheered his men on with the remark, that the students were training to become officials and plunderers of the people.

In other countries the middle classes and the Church have, each in different ways, served to bridge over the separation between the Government and the peasantry. Russia has no middle class, and in the Church there is found the very same division as in the State. It must not, however, be supposed that educated Russians are indifferent to the condition of the people. In spite of the tyranny of a Government which dreaded the power of thought, theories of political and social amelioration have seized hold upon the minds of the young nobles of Russia. The speculations of political economists, the doctrines of English constitutionalists, the theories of Parisian socialists, have all penetrated into the intellects and feelings of the men of this generation. M. Ogareff himself is the type of a class who combine their admiration for the customs of the Russian villages with admiration for the works of leading modern communists. While the Emperor one day frees the serfs, and another day fires on the peasants who attempt to understand his proclamation of freedom, young Russian nobles who have been precluded from political life form schemes which are to terminate in changing the great empire into a great confederacy of independent villages. Not only foreigners, but Russians themselves, are utterly perplexed at the manifestations of the approaching storm. A Conservative Russian paper stands aghast at the folly of peasants who will not pay for land which they consider their own, and will pay taxes to found schools. Whilst many worthy Russian gentlemen, brought up under a different order of things, doubtless re-echo the dictum of the general who burnt Moscow:—"I can understand," he said, in 1825, "why commoners in France should have desired the rights of nobles—I cannot understand why our nobles should seek to become commoners."

M. Ogareff's statements are, we should suspect, true as far as they go, but it is impossible for candid and attentive readers of his book not to perceive that there is, even on his own showing, the existence of a side of the Russian question which he has neglected. He identifies the Czar with the officials, and sees in the weakness of the Government the weakness of the throne; but the common people entertain a different opinion; to them the Czar is still a mighty and benevolent being, whose efforts for their amelioration are thwarted by corrupt administrators. If the proclamation falls short of their expectations, they suspect the nobles of fraud, but do not doubt the Emperor's goodwill. Nor have the Czars entirely failed to merit the reverence of their subjects. Russian Emperors may have committed every crime, but they have not committed the last and fatal crime



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by which kings fall, since they have not made themselves objects of contempt. They represent also the Imperial power of Russia. Philosophers and philanthropists like M. Ogareff may think, and think rightly, that Poland costs more than it is worth, and that Russia would gain by becoming a new United States under an hereditary president; but the popular mind clings to the idea of national power and national greatness, and Russian philanthropists may possibly find that if the Emperor leads the people against the officials, the people will follow the Emperor against philosophic reformers; and enthusiasts who sigh for a federation would do well to remember that republican France looked on with satisfaction at the death of the truest republicans, because the Girondists were branded with the name of federalists.

**THE RENEWAL OF LIFE:** Clinical Lectures illustrative of a Restorative System of Medicine, given at St. Mary's Hospital, by Thomas R. Chambers, M.D. Second Edition. London: John Churchill.

**T**HE renewal of life is so captivating and hopeful a title, that it is not surprising that a second edition of this work should be called for in a very short time. Publishers and devourers of novels, theatrical managers and playgoers, pill vendors and the credulous swallowers of patent medicines, in their several capacities of purveyors and consumers, recognise the value of a good title; the public encourages attempts to impose on its credulity, and rather enjoys being taken in by a name which raises expectation.

The poor invalid, who has borne affliction sore for many a weary day under the treatment of other physicians, will naturally, on reading in the advertising columns the announcement of a book which professes to discuss the renewal of life, send to the nearest library for the volume and eagerly cut open the pages to see whether haply he may not discover some remedy for his own case, or some well-founded opinion which may lead him to hope for a favourable termination of his sufferings. The professional man, anxious to keep pace with the improvements of the age, will scan the book with eager rapidity, in hope of finding some addition to his store of remedies, some new theory which may brace him anew to encounter the inroads of disease against which he battles with but blunted weapons.

In either case it is to be feared there will be much disappointment: neither will the patient find anything to give him more hope; nor will the practitioner be able to discover any new theory which will help him in the hour of need, any method of treatment differing essentially from that usually adopted by the profession.

The volume is, in fact, composed of clinical lectures given at St. Mary's Hospital, easily and cleverly written, but scarcely worthy of being republished, decidedly unworthy of so pretentious a title as Dr. Chambers has thought proper to affix to them. It is impossible, after perusing the book, to come to any other conclusion than this, that the theory in which Dr. Chambers seems to take so much pride was made to suit the treatment, not the treatment adapted to the theory. The principles of this new theory, the expected objections which will be raised, the answers to these objections, are discussed in a very few pages; the importance of this new theory might fairly have demanded more than the thirty pages which contain the fundamental propositions of the so-called restorative doctrine.

It is but fair, however, to the author that his views should be put forward in his own words, and, it may be added, in his own capitals and italics.

At the end of the first introductory lecture, after a curt *résumé* of previous theories, Dr. Chambers states his opinion that "DISEASE is in all cases not a *positive existence*, but a *negation*; not a new *excess* of action, but a *DEFICIENCY*: not a *manifestation of life*,

but *PARTIAL DEATH*, and therefore that the *BUSINESS OF THE PHYSICIAN* is directly and indirectly not to *take away material*, but to *ADD*: not to *diminish function*, but to *GIVE IT PLAY*: not to weaken life, but to *RENEW LIFE*." (page 14.)

The theory here proposed denies the possibility of an excess of vital action; disease is attributed in all cases to deficiency of such an action. The proof of such a theory, which militates against well-founded evidence to the contrary, and ignores the existence of certain forms of disease, requiring a treatment inexplicable on the Restorative principle, cannot be allowed to rest on such arguments as, "it is difficult to imagine," "it is unreasonable to suppose," "it seems," or "it does not seem certain."

It has never been denied that in many cases disease is the result of a partial death; long before this great Restorative teacher stood up among us, physicians adopted a method of treatment intended ultimately to renew the powers of life; but the universal application of such a theory has never been admitted: it is at variance with the received opinion of the most intelligent physicians, and with the discoveries of modern pathology: it requires far more searching arguments to maintain it, than those brought forward in this volume.

How does the "Restoratist" explain such actions as hypertrophy and the like? Hypertrophy of the liver, for example, is it not a form of disease? Virchow, whom Dr. Chambers quotes at page 36, states that "A liver may become hypertrophied simply in consequence of a considerable enlargement of its individual cells; that in this case there is real hypertrophy without, properly speaking, any new formation." (Cellular Pathology, page 65.) And again: "Hyperplastic processes in all cases produce a tissue similar to that of the original part." (page 66.) What proof can Dr. Chambers adduce that these processes are due to a deficiency of action? Adhering to his theory, Dr. Chambers is forced to deny the existence of such a state as Plethora. At page 90 he says, "Our forefathers imagined a condition of universal Plethora, which has no existence in nature. Where experimentally they found good results to follow Venæsection, they pronounced the special disease before them to be an evidence of this condition, and of course therefore that the loss of blood was directly beneficial to the system at large." An impartial verdict on this subject could scarcely be hoped for from a jury of Aldermen, though they might bring some practical experience to bear upon it, but it will be fair to compare what is said by the ablest physician of the day with regard to Plethora.

"In the adult state, when the growth and development of the body have been completed, blood may be made in greater abundance, and more rich in the materials of nutrition than the wants of the body require. Full living and a sedentary life are causes likely to occasion general plethora, and they do occasion it." (Watson's Lectures, vol. i. p. 46.)

The value of the latter opinion exists in the fact that the writer is not hampered by a pet theory. The existence of a state of general plethora would alone tend to subvert the whole theory of the Restoratist; it is, therefore, quietly wiped out by a simple assertion.

But there are marks that this new doctrine, and the arguments for its truth, have been thrown together in a somewhat hasty manner. To affirm, on one page, that "disease is, in all cases, not an excess of action, but a deficiency," and on another, that "when the bodily or mental action is in excess there is an arrest of the constructive appropriation of food by the stomach;" to declare, in one place, that "pain does not indicate an increase of proper sensibility," and in another, "that the nervous system becomes partially dead, and does not feel so acutely;" to confess that it is a very puzzling circumstance that "pain should occur during the inflammation of tissue destitute of nerves, and insensible under ordi-

nary circumstances," are inconsistencies which might have thrown some doubt on the theories of a more subtle reasoner than Dr. Chambers. In the last instance, he does confess that he does "not see how this is to be explained as due to a deprivation of life."

But enough of a theory which leads the author to contradict himself in this manner. Let the treatment which is supposed to result from this theory be examined; let the reader review the different cases, and compare the treatment adopted in these pages with that which is followed by any intelligent practitioner; or let him turn to the lectures of Dr. Watson, where he will find the usual treatment recorded. The conclusion is forced upon him that the theory is an after-birth, ingeniously modelled to imitate modern treatment. He will be amused to see what praise is due to the Restoratist when he gives wine and beef-tea in fever, because he sees that "nitrogenous tissues are devitalized," or because "he turns his attention to the *Materia Medica* to consider what he can cull from thence which will be of service." The reader might, perhaps, fondly imagine that his medical man had acted pretty much in the same way, without any knowledge of the Restoratist's tenets.

In cases of rheumatism it will be seen that Dr. Chambers very properly adheres to the treatment recommended by Dr. Garrod on chemical, and not the so-called restorative grounds. Would it not accord better with theory enunciated in the treatment of fever to pour in acid? Is it not damaging to confess "that there is a painful necessity for restricting the supply of nutriment, and that less food must be given to patients than their feelings prompt them to take?"

At page 41, Dr. Chambers mentions that a reviewer in the *Lancet* has objected that the principles suggested in this book involve no new practice, and "hails this criticism as true praise." Will he be delighted if the readers of his volume are obliged to confess that they agree with the reviewer in the *Lancet*? In this manner he may be praised to the top of his bent if it so pleases him; but the medical profession will scarcely applaud him for having published a series of clinical lectures, of the usual type, under so pompous a title as the "Renewal of Life." Many of them are, indeed, ably written, contain some capital remarks, prove that the author is a man of observation, and are well adapted for the use of the students before whom they were delivered. The early lectures, especially those devoted to the consideration of the therapeutics of the digestive organs, when the theory of the renewal of life was probably not yet hatched, unhampered as they are by the necessity of explanation on the Restorative principles, are far the best. But if the public will welcome with eagerness books of this kind, an inundation of similar volumes may be soon expected. Every physician who belongs to a hospital, and is in the habit of giving clinical lectures, will think he is justified in thrusting them down the public throat by writing an introduction, and dressing them up with a flaunting title. Again, an irregular practitioner gathers together certain drugs, says scammony, gamboge, or aloes, and therewith compounds a nostrum which he calls the "pill of life," "baume de vie," or "Elixir vitæ." The pill is a good pill enough in certain cases and compounded of valuable drugs: is this man to be branded as an advertising charlatan, and a doctor of medicine to be freed from all fear of censure because he holds a diploma, or has graduated at a university?

Dr. Chambers states that rather than be "an innovating inventor of novel expedients and unheard-of drugs," he wishes "first to bind together in a golden chain that which is good and received." In many instances (and it is to be hoped that he will not hail this criticism as true praise) he has done this, but the chain with which these precious treasures are bound does not ring with the pleasant honesty of the old guinea.



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## MISCELLANEA.

IT has been understood for some time that the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's—the present members of which corporation, with one or two who were their colleagues, have probably done more for the embellishment of our great eighteenth century cathedral, and for its restoration to its legitimate uses, than all their predecessors since the days of Wren himself—have decided upon decorating the apse with mosaics, and that they had addressed invitations to four artists—three English and one foreign—to send in designs, the subject assigned being a transfiguration, to fill three panels. We hear that three of the gentlemen selected—Mr. Watts, Mr. Leighton, and Baron Triqueti—have sent in their designs by the appointed time; Mr. Alfred Stevens, the fourth, was too late. There will, we believe, be fourteen subordinate panels, besides the principal ones, to fill up. The mosaics themselves will, no doubt, have to be executed in Venice. The Russian mosaicists have indeed shown themselves to be formidable rivals to the Italian, whom indeed they surpass in elaborateness of work, as witness the magnificent St. Nicholas of the Great Exhibition; but it appears to be a question whether, at the distance from which the work will have to be seen, such elaborate productions would produce any better effect than the simpler and less costly works of the Italian artists. When, in addition to these mosaics, the stained glass windows are put up—for which designs, we hear, have been prepared by an eminent German artist—St. Paul's will offer a splendour of colouring hitherto unknown in the religious edifices of this country, and which is probably needed to bring out the full effect of a style of architecture in itself little conducive to religious feeling.

We have received the prospectus of "The Fine Arts Quarterly Review" (royal 8vo., six sheets per number), of which the first number is to appear at the end of March. It is to treat "of painting, sculpture, and engraving; of photography, so far as it is employed as a substitute for drawing and engraving; and of ornamental and decorative art;" to contain, amongst other things, historical and critical notices "of galleries, collections, and special exhibitions of works of art, and of pictures, sculptures, &c. deserving separate notice; descriptive catalogues of the choicer portions of celebrated public and private collections; reviews of important works on the Fine Arts;" "a complete list of all publications on these subjects, in every language, usually accompanied by short accounts of their contents and value;" "illustrations in various styles of engraving, and in photography," whenever required; and in each number "a chronicle of sales, meetings of fine art associations, acquisitions by public institutions; and of all events interesting to lovers of the Fine Arts." Articles and notices "will be authenticated by the names of their authors, or of the contributors from whom they are received." We have not space to extract the entire list of contributors, including, however, from the British Museum, Sir F. Madden, Mr. Birch, Mr. Bond, Mr. Carpenter, Mr. Franks, Mr. Winter Jones, Mr. Newton, Mr. Rye, Mr. Vaux, and Mr. Watts; from the State Paper and Public Record Office, Mr. Brewer, Mr. Bruce, Mr. Burt, Mr. Sainsbury; from the Department of Science and Art, and Kensington Museum, Mr. Cole, Mr. Redgrave, and Mr. Robinson; from the National Gallery, Mr. Wornum; from the Florence Academy of the Fine Arts, Signor Giudici; Professor Grüner from the Dresden Museum; Count Delaborde from the Archives Impériales of Paris; Mr. Scharf, from the National Portrait Gallery; Mr. W. B. Donne, Mr. J. Fergusson, Professor Kingsley, Mr. Layard, Mr. F. T. Palgrave, Canon Rock, Mr. W. W. Story, Mr. Tom Taylor, Baron Triqueti, Mr. Albert Way, Dr. Wellesley, Mr. M. D. Wyatt, &c. Mr. B. B. Woodward, Librarian in ordinary

to the Queen, and Keeper of prints and drawings at Windsor Castle, is to be editor; Messrs. Chapman and Hall publishing. Her Majesty, the Prince of Wales, the Crown Princess of Prussia, the Princess Louis of Hesse, the Duke of Hamilton, Cardinal Wiseman, etc., are among the subscribers.

THERE has been some talk in Berlin lately about a picture exhibited by a M. Nicolle as a Raffaele, on the subject of the death of St. Joseph, which picture is said to be intended for sale in England, on the 11th instant. M. Nicolle claims in his sale advertisement for the picture to have been acknowledged as genuine by the Berlin Academy of Arts; but that body, by a paragraph in the official "Staats Anzeiger," has clearly shown that it never did anything of the kind, but simply, in refusing an application for space to exhibit the work, used the applicant's own words to describe it as "your picture 'The Death of St. Joseph by Raffaele.'"

MR. FRITH's letter to the "Times," contradicting an untrue statement which lately appeared in a professed artistic periodical, as to his having asked for a picture of the marriage of the Prince of Wales, terms which were "rightly" declined,—instead of which they were, as he informs us, acceded to in the most liberal and generous manner,—has called forth general approval. The art of Mr. Frith is a serious subject for criticism; but, against such attacks as these, he will find the sympathies at once of admirers and deprecators rally around him. The facts of the matter are, we learn from excellent authority, to the following effect:—When Mr. Frith was offered the commission (through Sir Charles Eastlake), he, very naturally, before accepting, informed Sir Charles of his present commission (for Mr. Gambart), and wished to know the kind of work which the Queen wanted to have, stating that if it were executed on a scale and in a style of completeness answerable to its importance, his price would be three thousand guineas, and that he should look to have the privilege of disposing of the copyright. In answer, Mr. Frith was informed that, though the Queen had contemplated only the painting of the episode of the marriage, yet she would not in any way control the painter's treatment of the subject, nor was there any objection to his terms.

THE "Hanging Committee" for the coming Royal Academy Exhibition has been appointed, and is to consist of Mr. W. P. Frith, R.A., Mr. Charles Landseer, R.A., and Keeper of the Academy, and Mr. Abraham Cooper, R.A.

THE Council of the Art Union of London has received the permission of Her Majesty to include in the next distribution of prizes a number of copies in porcelain of the bust of H.R.H. the Princess Alexandra, executed by Mr. Thornycroft, when the Princess was in England. The same artist makes the reduced copy from which these busts will be moulded; and as the Princess has, we believe, never sat for any other portrait than this, either in sculpture or painting, it is probable that this will be the only real likeness of Her Royal Highness amongst the many so-called portraits which are certain to be brought out this spring. The number of subscriptions to the Society entered in London for this year is, we hear, already double that of the same date last year.

ANOTHER new club is in course of formation—*The Greco*. The name has been chosen with an eye to the well-known artistic gatherings at the Café Greco at Rome, and the club is intended for artists, authors, and savants. The aim of the projectors is to institute a thoroughly social body, and both entrance fee and subscription are fixed at a moderately low sum (£5 a year). There is, it is thought, ample scope for a club of this character, as neither the Athenæum nor the Garrick absorb the precise classes to whom *The Greco* is intended to appeal. The number of members is to be limited to three hundred, and the locale to be in the immediate vicinity of Piccadilly or Pall Mall.

There will be a table d'hôte dinner every day. The eternal billiard-room is to be superseded by a gymnasium; and there will be no expensively furnished drawing-room, or indeed any needless luxury whatever. If successful, the Greco will do much towards the introduction of sensible clubs into new layers of English society.

WE are glad to hear of the continued success of the Amateur Exhibition in aid of the Lancashire Relief Fund. Nearly £700 were taken on the first day by sales; and further sales, and the entrance moneys, have brought the receipts now up to £2,000, or thereabouts. The pinch is not yet over in Lancashire, and all funds likely to be collected will be wanted yet.

STRONG efforts are being made to carry out Professor Owen's suggestion for devoting a portion of the International Exhibition building to the storing of Mammalia. Workmen have been busily engaged during the last week or two in cleaning, painting, furnishing, and repairing the building. The great organs of Messrs. Willis, Messrs. Walker, and Messrs. Foster and Andrews, have not been removed, perhaps because it is hoped that, whatever may be the ultimate purpose to which the great storehouse is turned, a little music will be an acceptable adjunct. Nearly every exhibitor has, however, removed his belongings. Mr. Dent's clock, and the great iron gates of Messrs. Barnard and Bishop, are, with the organs already named, almost the only relics left of the treasures of a few months back.

MUCH controversy has taken place with reference to the little work, entitled "Les Matinées Royales, Opuscule inédit de Frédéric II., dit le Grand Roi de Prusse," noticed as a literary fraud in our last Number, and we have received an angry letter from Messrs. Williams and Norgate complaining of our notice. It is undoubted on the one hand that the best informed of German historians, Ranke, Preuss and others, have, in the opinion of many, proved in a convincing manner that the work in question was not written by Frederick the Great. On the other hand, it must be admitted that the writer of the article in the "Home and Foreign Review," in his last letter to the *Times*, has adduced several arguments worth consideration in favour of the authenticity of the work. There seems no doubt that the work had been previously published, if not from the same text. We may revert to the subject.

MR. W. CHAMBERS has just read (2nd of February) before the Royal Society of Edinburgh, an interesting "Historical sketch of popular literature and its influence on society," which has been separately printed. Beginning with the Chap-books, and their Scottish analogues the "Penny Histories," which the writer remembers "as being still dispersed in large quantities" at the beginning of the present century, and of which many of the most recent and popular were composed by a Glasgow bell-man, Mr. Chambers next glances at the birth and early growth of the newspapers, at first penny sheets, as many of them are now; then passes on to the Mechanics' Institutes and the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, "Chambers' Edinburgh Journal" and the "Penny Magazine." He shows that the vast increase in the circulation of cheap publications is essentially connected with successive inventions in letter-founding, paper-making, and printing, especially with Fourdrinier's paper-machine, and Cowper and Applegath's printing-machine. Referring to some statistics collected by himself a few years ago, he recalls the striking fact, that to a monthly circulation of 8,043,500 works (numbers) of a distinctly improving tendency, there are not 80,000 of works "immoral, and opposed to the general belief of the country."

SOME interesting particulars concerning the house of Ballantyne and Co., of Paul's Work, Edinburgh, are contained in a pamphlet just issued by them. The firm—which now, by the way, prints on an average a million and a



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half volumes per annum—was established by Mr. James Ballantyne, at Kelso, in 1796, who three years later applied to his friend and school acquaintance Walter Scott for assistance in obtaining work for his printing press. Scott, then a young man of twenty-eight, furnished him with some translations from Bürger, with a suggestion that as many should be printed as would enable the Edinburgh folk to judge of his typography. Twelve copies of "William and Ellen," "The Fire King," and others, were accordingly struck off in 1799, with the title of "Apology for Tales of Terror;" and thus commenced the world-known connection of the name of Ballantyne with that of the author of "Waverley."

ALTHOUGH but a few days have elapsed since his death, it is said that the Correspondence of the late Marquis of Lansdowne is being prepared for publication. It is probable that his lordship commenced the work himself.

It appears certain that Mr. Monckton Milnes is to be raised to the peerage.

THE Rev. Charles Merivale, the rector of Lawford, Essex, has been appointed chaplain to the House of Commons in place of the Rev. Henry Drury, deceased. Mr. Merivale is brother to Mr. Herman Merivale, one of the Under Secretaries of State, and is the author of "The History of the Romans under the Empire."

In referring to the Confederate diplomatic correspondence lately captured by the Federals, it has been observed that *The Times* has carefully ignored the fact of the appointment of Mr. James Spence, its well-known correspondent "S.," as financial agent to the Confederate Government.

THE Plymouth Public Library has become a great gainer by the death of William Cotton, F.S.A. Previous to his death he signified his intention of bequeathing the whole of his valuable library and works of art to the Institution, which on its part proposed building a gallery for the reception of these, at a cost of £1,500. Mr. Cotton was a distinguished man in his society, and contributed largely to literature by his "Celtic Remains," "Illustrations of Stone Circles, Cromlechs, &c., in Cornwall," and the "Notes to the Life of Sir Joshua Reynolds." Mr. Cotton's collection was particularly rich in Sir Joshua's.

A *Church Times*, at One Penny, is announced!

IT has surprised many persons, both in this country and in France, that the correspondence of Napoleon I., which is in course of publication in Paris, has not been printed in English. When, about the year 1854, Napoleon the Third commanded that a *bureau* should be arranged in the *Palais Royal* for collecting, editing, and arranging all the correspondence and writings of his uncle, it was announced that the work would appear in the English, as well as in the original language. It is said that M. Perron, then editor of the *Moniteur*, was intrusted with the direction of operations; and he conceived a most extravagant idea of the value of the English translation. If it be true that as much as one thousand pounds were asked for the right of doing Napoleon the First into English, this will explain why no British translation has been announced.

THE library of the late Sir Benjamin Hawes is to be sold by auction on Monday next by Messrs. Leigh, Sotheby, and Co., and the sale is expected to last three days. The same firm will also bring to the hammer on Saturday, February 14th, the late Miss Julia Pardoe's collection of autograph letters. In Paris some important book sales are announced. On Monday, 16th February, the library of the late M. Charles Magnin, member of the Institute, and Librarian at the *Bibliothèque Impériale*, is to be sold. This collection is said to be especially rich in works on the history of early French literature, catalogues of which may be obtained of Mr. Aubry, the Paris bookseller.

An important sale of scarce and curious works, from the library of M. le Pasteur Conod, many of them relating to the history of Protestantism in France, has been going on during the whole of the past week. The original edition of Fénelon's *Maximes des Saints*; the Psalms in Icelandic, with the music (Holum 1589); Wittemberg's *Schnellbotz* (1652), and a copy of Stowe's *Annals* (London, 1615), with the coat of arms of James I. King of England, are among the bibliographical rarities which have been offered to the book buyers of Paris by M. Tross.

M. ANTOINE BAZIN, the eminent French Oriental scholar, has just died, at the age of sixty-seven. M. Bazin was assistant secretary of the Paris Asiatic Society, and professor of modern Chinese at the Paris Oriental School; and devoted a great portion of his life to the mastery of idioms comprised in the Mandarin dialect. So far back as 1828 he published his *Théâtre Chinois*, a series of Chinese plays, and twenty years later a translation of *Ti-pa-ki*, a dramatic poem written in the fifteenth century. He also produced subsequently the *Grammaire Mandarine*, and a description of the state of thought in China under the Mogul dynasty.

THE Imperial Library of Paris has just received from the Duke de Luynes, the donation of his magnificent cabinet of medals, bronzes, and coins. The gift has been made unconditionally, but it is said that it will form a distinct section of the *Galerie des Antiques*.

AN interesting collection of the unedited letters of Jean Racine and Louis Racine has just been published by the Abbé de la Roque, a descendant of the latter. Of the private life of the author of "Athalie" little has hitherto been known. We have seen him in his court dress at Versailles, or bowing low to Madame de Maintenon; but the twenty-five letters now published, nearly all of which are addressed to his sister Mary, who became Madame Rivère, supply the deficiency, and exhibit him in a purely domestic light. The remaining letters in the Abbé de la Roque's volume are from the pen of Louis Racine, and are addressed to his wife, the first eleven being genuine love-letters. Louis Racine's correspondence, as seen in this collection, is remarkable for greater brilliance and finish than that of his father.

M. GUSTAVE DORÉ, whose marvellously weird illustrations to Dante's "Inferno" are too little known in this country, has furnished forty-four designs, representing scenes in Chateaubriand's novel "Atala," and has also supplied some witty vignettes to a new edition of M. Edmond About's "Roi des Montagnes."

## ART.

### I.—THE GEORGE CRUIKSHANK GALLERY.

THE professional results of the life of George Cruikshank are brought together in a room set apart for their display at Exeter Hall. The exhibition consists of a very nearly complete collection of his published etchings, as well as of certain original drawings and sketches, some of which are dated as far back as the year 1799, and of a large painting in oils entitled "The Triumph of Bacchus;" a subject which has probably commended the whole collection to the moral atmosphere of the building which contains it.

George Cruikshank has illustrated the political and social life of England for nearly sixty years. In 1805 he drew the Funeral Car of Lord Nelson; in 1810 he published an etching of Sir Francis Burdett being delivered into the custody of Earl Moira, Constable of the Tower; in 1820 he published a print of the Cato Street conspiracy. How distant these events appear to most of us! They form an historic period now, both for us and our artist, and we go with him gladly to be taught what the new young century was like;—what hopes and fears, what vices, follies, and weaknesses were upper-

most when our fathers were young. He can take us by the hand, and show us the temper of the nation in the death-struggle with France: the prejudices engendered by it, and the political capital made out of it, as illustrated in his plate, "The Royal Shambles, or the Progress of Legitimacy and the Establishment of Religion and Social Order, 1816." He can also show us the popular belief—which, indeed, he helped to promote—regarding the Corsican ogre. In a series of five etchings we have: "Bonaparte, led on by Ambition, seeks the Conquest of the World—Discomfited at Leipsic, he flies from Death—Overcome by Retribution—Broken Gingerbread—The Corsican's last trip under the guidance of his good Angel, 1814, 1815." In contrast with this melodramatic outburst, we have another series of etchings, drawn with rare truth and appreciation, representing the British tar and the service before it went to the devil, when Jack got drunk, as a matter of course; when to be cat-o'-nine-tailed was called the "Point of Honour;" when he was impressed, kicked, flogged to within an inch of his life, under-fed, robbed of his pay and prize money by Jew scoundrels and sutlers; and was yet, withal, fighting and boarding French brigs, cutting out frigates,—winning the glory, in short, which has become his country's proudest heirloom. These etchings, which include illustrations of the practices of the Admiralty, as well as of the exploits of the Navy, are very valuable records of the time, and have become extremely rare. They are the best illustrations of our artist's powers at that time; and perhaps the most interesting representations of our naval supremacy, and of our efforts to weaken its efficiency, in existence. The caricatures of the domestic and social life of this period have scarcely the same kind of value. They are rather squibs, aimed at certain peculiarities of dress or manners, not far removed from the vulgar faults of Cruikshank's immediate predecessors.

Those who remember the "O. P." riots will find amusing illustrations of them here. One of the best of these caricatures is named "Le Retour de Paris," date 1817, and represents a young English lady's return to the paternal roof, under the charge of a French governess. The bewildered looks of her parents at the transformation of their child, the charming *naïveté* of the governess, who accepts the agonies of *le père* as a tribute of admiration to the change which she sees so keenly noted, are very happily expressed.

Soon after this time, the serious element in George Cruikshank's mind begins to develop itself. Twenty water-colour drawings, illustrations of Maxwell's History of the Irish Rebellion, exhibit a power to deal with the serious phases of life, which afterwards culminated in the wonderful etching of "Fagin in the condemned cell." The illustrations to "Jack Sheppard," "The Tower of London," &c., manifest increased powers of drawing and design; though the drawing is still weak, and the imaginative faculty deficient. As copper-plate etchings, however, they take the highest place.

George Cruikshank's etchings will always take rank with the finest specimens of the art. Rare proofs of them will be sought by collectors. No one has equalled him in his day; and in past days Rembrandt has only surpassed him by the importation of a higher faculty into his work. In the "Oliver Twist" series, his powers will generally be thought to have ripened into maturity. It would be interesting to know to what extent Dickens may have influenced the conception which has so wonderfully impressed on our brain the images of Oliver Twist, the Artful Dodger, Bill Sykes, Fagin, and the other characters of this remarkable story. If these etchings do not convey Dickens's impression to us, he is the most unlucky of authors; for they are ineffaceably inscribed on the memory of all who see them. If, as is almost certain, they do so express the author's conception, it would be curious to learn whether he left the artist to interpret it from the text, or entered with him more fully into his meaning, sug-



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gesting characteristic points of dress and bearing. The inquiry is prompted by the strong evidence, forced upon us by this exhibition, of the absence of any uncommon imaginative faculty in the artist. When left to himself, and not illustrating the thoughts of another—as in the series of “The Bottle,” for instance—the work of Cruikshank rapidly descends to the level of the commonplace. But, whether suggested distinctly by Dickens or not, the illustrations of “Oliver Twist” reflect the greatest credit upon the artist. They are triumphs of etching; they embody the text completely; indeed, some of the plates, to wit, Bill Sykes, after the murder, standing by the pond, and whistling to his dog with the intent to drown him; and, again, when on the roof-top, followed still by this only friend left to him, he is preparing the fatal noose by which he hangs himself; and Fagin biting his finger-nails in his horror, in the condemned cell,—go beyond the text, by reason of the concentrated intensity of power, proper to the art which depicts a single moment of time.

The limits of our space compel us to pass over the great amount of work executed by our artist in the zenith of his power and popularity. Our readers will find admirable proof impressions of nearly every etching produced at this time. To us the greater number are interesting, chiefly as displaying the power of this beautiful art of copperplate etching, in the hands of a master; for, in contrast with Leech, who has more imagination, and comparatively fails as a book illustrator, Cruikshank is always better employed in illustrating a text than in expressing his own thoughts. The small illustrations to Peter Schlemihl and to Lord Bateman are far more interesting than the more elaborate attempts at fun in the Omnibus, the Sketch Books, and the Comic Almanack; though in these latter periodicals some of the best of his etchings are to be found.

One etching, a work of mercy rather than of art, and prompted by the holy instinct of the artist's mind, takes its place modestly enough in the collection, though the service rendered by it was great. It is called “A Bank-note not to be imitated.” It was Mr. Cruikshank's fate to see, on turning the corner of Newgate one fine day, twelve persons, including one woman, hanging by the neck for the crime of having uttered (not forged) counterfeit one pound notes. Burning with indignation, he hurried home and produced this bank-note, in which the majesty of the law is represented taking its execrable course upon poor, starving folk, who were haply ignorant of the crime for which they suffered. The effect of this publication was great and immediate, the sale prodigious; and George Cruikshank had the satisfaction of knowing that no person was afterwards executed in England for uttering a forged note.

The later years of Cruikshank's life have been mainly given up to the promulgation of his views in favour of total abstinence. As an earnest disciple of Father Mathew, he has not only abstained from alcohol himself, but thrown all the weight of his powers into the scale in favour of the pledge. The series of eight plates, known as “The Bottle,” and the large oil painting called the “Worship of Bacchus,” are among the best illustrations of this period of his art. It would be difficult to form an estimate of any value of the effect that may have been produced by, or that may be anticipated from, the exhibition of such works as these. As a matter of opinion, we have not much faith in the preaching capabilities of pictures of this class. A message may, indeed, be delivered through the medium of painting; and Hogarth and Rethel are the two great examples that immediately occur to us, as painters who have preached distinct lessons through their pictures; but these artists have been endowed with great imaginative power, and the “Mariage à la mode” of the one, and the “Todten-tanz” of the other, stand upon altogether different ground from Cruikshank's illustrations to the “Bottle.” With all Hogarth's powers of redeeming common-

place truism, and rendering it interesting and new, we doubt whether he ever made an idle apprentice take to decent courses. His works have an intrinsic value quite beside that of preaching, or we fancy they would be very little looked at. The great service that painting may render to man, is to civilize him through his sense of beauty; and, by showing him that there is a beauty higher and nobler than he ever dreamed of, or than his teaching could ever adequately express, to raise his thoughts to Him who is at once the Author of their beauty and of the faculty by which we are enabled to perceive it. Hogarth, through his strong imagination, even when depicting the vices and follies of mankind, raises the mind of the spectator to the excellence of their opposites. Cruikshank presents us with sequences in “the Bottle,” from which we turn with repugnance certainly, while they leave us unaffected by the lesson he wishes to convey. We simply don't believe that a man, who on a festival treats himself and family to a glass of wine, will end by murdering his wife, neglecting his children, and closing his own life in a madhouse. Of the large painting, “The Worship of Bacchus,” we need not speak—it is in no sense a work of art. The whole human race is represented committing, under the influence of drink, as the main-spring of all the evils which affect society, every possible crime, and suffering every consequent retribution. It is puzzling to make out the various groups, and the trouble of deciphering the meaning is not repaid by the result of the effort.

We conclude a necessarily imperfect notice of this large collection by advising our readers to go to Exeter Hall and to judge for themselves. The published work of a long and earnest life is there spread out before them. Most interesting indeed it is; and we believe that few will regret the time they may have spent in seeking to appreciate the good work that George Cruikshank has done in his generation.

## II.—WINTER EXHIBITION IN BERNERS STREET.

A SMALL collection of oil and water colour pictures and drawings has been opened at No. 14, Berners Street, Oxford Street. It is rather ambitiously described, on the title page of the catalogue, as “Pictures and Drawings selected from the Works of the leading Artists of the day.” It consists really of works, the majority of which have been painted by the young men who have inaugurated the Exhibition, and who, finding it difficult to expose their works advantageously in the recognised Exhibitions of the metropolis, have banded themselves together as a nucleus from which to form a new one. There are several works of great promise by young painters; and a few of good performance by established professors. “A Rocky Sea Shore” (72), by Mr. J. M. Carrick, is almost a photographic representation of a bit of the coast of the Mediterranean, and it is very carefully coloured from nature. Mr. T. Morton has some small studies of great merit. “Conquered not Subdued” (66), a little girl seated on a stool of repentance, is full of character, and painted with great vigour. Mr. Alfred Corbould's sketch of “Rotten Row” is a capital though slight recollection of that gay promenade. Some elaborate water colour drawings by Mr. G. P. Boyce take us among the Pyramids. Mr. Boyce's drawings are always remarkable for literal truth and refined colour. They are also usually distinguished by a want of due care in the selection of his point of view, one of the most important steps in the production of a picture. Mr. S. Solomon exhibits a water colour drawing of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego (129). The figures and expressions of the young Jews who defied Nebuchadnezzar are well rendered; but the spiritual presence who revealed Himself in the fire to the awe-struck monarch in form as the Son of God, is in Mr. Solomon's mind a poor conception; indeed, inferior to the creatures

over whom He has extended His protection. This little exhibition, we hope, will develop into a better and more complete collection every year, while it continues to be a national misfortune that the body of artists is divided into cliques and parties, each with its own exclusive exhibition, shutting out, as would-be intruders, all young outsiders.

## MUSIC.

### THE NATIONAL CHORAL SOCIETY.

SOME seven or eight years back, a war was raging between two great choral associations, both meeting in Exeter Hall. The contest ended, after one or two seasons, in the disappearance of one of the rivals and the establishment of the other—the Sacred Harmonic Society—as an acknowledged leader among the musical guilds of the country. One of the weapons employed in the struggle had been the assemblage of multitudinous bodies of performers, each phalanx of singers competing with the other in bigness, and advertising its so many hundreds of vocal combatants as the chief means of attracting the public. This particular feature of the war was, perhaps, the chief cause of its termination. It became tolerably evident that the chorus-singing world of London was not then large enough to produce the requisite number of devoted amateurs to fill the ranks of two such armies, to say nothing of the requisite amount of “public,” to furnish audiences for both. Now, however, things are altered. The great Hall in the Strand is being occupied twice in every week, alternately, by two great choral societies, each finding work enough to do, and the means, personal and pecuniary, of doing it. That this is kept up without any unnatural efforts—the Exeter Hall choristers being but a fraction of the aggregate similarly employed in smaller bodies over the whole of the town—is but one of the many proofs of the steady advance in music made in late years by the people. The altered condition of things, moreover, makes the relations between two such societies much pleasanter than they could have been in like case a few years ago. There is now no reason for their being rivals, or at least hostile rivals. Assuming even perfect identity of aim—the exclusive cultivation of Sacred Vocal Music—the mere necessities of time impose a stern restriction upon the amount which any one Society can do. Amateurs cannot certainly be relied upon for more than one night's work per week. Efficient performances will require rehearsals at least thrice as numerous. This gives, allowing for vacations, ten or twelve public appearances per annum for a single body of singers; unless, indeed, they incessantly repeat the same works, and in that case the ground they cover is still more narrowed. It would be absurd, considering the position occupied by music among the enjoyments of the people, to imagine that the appetite of such as delight in the highest productions of the art is to be satisfied by such a meagre supply as this. The intelligent public “asks for more.” It is no wonder, then, that a young and vigorous society, such as that formed and managed by Mr. Martin, should find audience fit and not few to welcome its early efforts. And it would be a pity if any small jealousies should arise to make feuds between two bodies, which should be rivals only in their loyal zeal for the advance of the divine art and the promotion of the higher pleasures of the people.

It is not intended here to institute a comparison between the two Societies in question. Listeners, indeed, cannot help collating their impressions, but the circumstances and constitutions of the two bodies are so different that no good purpose would be served by attempting the “odorous” task in this place.

It is but just, however, to note some of the points of excellence which give the new Society a claim to public attention.



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## SCIENCE.

Mr. Martin's choir has been *taught* to sing. The amount of choral effect obtained by the conductor proves that much specific training must have been gone through with a view to giving the choir, considered as an instrument, the widest possible range of expression. Towards accomplishing this, as much appears to have been done as could have been expected, in dealing with a numerous body of amateurs. In such a body, the limit of expression depends upon the average amount of individual vocal cultivation. This average cannot, from the nature of the case, be high. Singers who have elaborately and industriously cultivated their voices, do not usually care to devote much time to the comparatively rough work of choral singing. But, subject to this drawback, to which all large choral bodies are equally liable, the amount of vocal effect, that is, power of rendering lights and shades of expression, at the command of Mr. Martin, is really remarkable. His choir surpasses, in this respect, without any question, any chorus of like dimensions which has been heard in London within the last ten years. Small bodies, composed, to a great extent, of picked voices, and individually trained singers, such as the Cologne Union, the Berlin Choir, the Champion Choirs from the North, and that of Mr. Leslie, are of course excepted from such an estimate. But in some passages of the oratorios demanding great delicacy of expression, the refinement of execution shown by the "National" Society has been such as almost to remind the listener of the performances of those famed associations. *Clear articulation* is another of its merits. The musical force of Handel is trebled by the distinct utterance of his words, especially in the *Messiah* choruses, where the poetry of Isaiah or St. John has so much to do with the total effect. Allied to, and partly dependent upon this, is the exuberant vigour shown by the choir in its delivery of the more declamatory pieces. Their "attack" is capital; an excellence partly due, perhaps, to the practice of reading from scores in preference to "parts," the former plan stimulating much the power of seizing intelligently the points of the composition. But no feature, probably, in the performances of the choir strikes a listener for the first time so strongly as the *prominence of the melody*. The *Soprani* are many and strong; and what is better, have a youthfulness of tone which is very pleasant to hear. There is no doubt that in any composition, *tune* should predominate. A chorus having equal numbers to each part is surely a great mistake,—about as absurd a thing, *a priori*, as a band composed of an equal number of each instrument. Mr. Martin follows the better plan, adopted throughout Germany, of somewhat increasing the force of *soprani*. The tune is thus announced to the ear without the fatigue of being listened for, while, from the general steadiness and good articulation of the singers, the other parts are distinct as to melody, though blended as to tone. Specific merits of this sort, discoverable in the performances of so young a body, point to the possibility of remarkable excellence in the future. With such a choir under his command there is nothing which Mr. Martin may not hope to do, if they go on as vigorously as they have begun.

Of the performance of the *Creation* on Wednesday it is needless to speak in detail.

## MUSIO FOR NEXT WEEK.

FEBRUARY 9 to 14.

MONDAY.—117th Popular Concert, St. James's Hall.

WEDNESDAY.—Seventh "National Melodies Concert" (Signor Giuglini) St. James's Hall.

THURSDAY.—"National Harp Concert" (Vocal Association), St. James's Hall.

SATURDAY.—Crystal Palace, Orchestral Concert, 3 p.m.

Miss A. Mangold's Evening Concert, Hanover Square Rooms.

EVERY EVENING: English Opera, Covent Garden.

[Notices of NEW MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS follow the Notices of New Books.]

HOWEVER the question of the introduction of the metric system of measurement into England—a "consummation devoutly to be wished"—be settled, the measure of the earth will ever remain to us, in common with all *terricolæ*, the unit of our measures of the heavens; and from this point of view alone—leaving out of the question all the advantages to be derived from a well-mapped country and a well-mapped continent—the geodetical operations now being carried on and contemplated in Europe are well worthy our attention. Till the present time, *arcs of meridian* have almost exclusively occupied the attention of the different surveys; witness the first French arcs; our own from Saxavord, in the Shetlands, to Shanklin in the Isle of Wight, extended by the French to Formentera, about 22 degrees; the Russian arc, from Fuglenæs in Norway to Staro-Nekrassowka on the Danube, embracing about 25 degrees, and others measured in India and at the Cape. Thanks to the suggestions and untiring energy of the elder Struve, an *arc of parallel* from Valentia Island, on the west coast of Ireland, to Orsk, a town on the Oural, is now nearly completed, and, embracing, as it does, nearly 70 degrees of longitude, it is probably the longest that man will ever measure. This project, lately brought to the notice of the Royal Astronomical Society by the Astronomer Royal, by no means required the remeasurement of the entire arc, the existing triangulation having been linked together where gaps existed and extended eastward to Orsk. To derive the measure of the earth from this arc we must first know its exact length—in other words, we must know how many yards it is from Valentia to Orsk, and we must know the difference of the local times at the two places. The work of our "Ordnance Survey" is so entirely trustworthy, that the distance from Valentia to Dover is certainly known to within a few yards; and such is the care with which the continental portion is being conducted, that a minimum of error may be expected in the entire distance. The differences of the local times at the ends of the arc will be arrived at from the differences of local times at intermediate stations; and here, before we pass on, we may state that in the remeasurement by the electric current of this difference between Valentia and Greenwich, the result agreed *exactly* with that obtained some years ago by the transmission of chronometers between the two places. Another fact worthy of mention *à propos* of this is, that the current took one-tenth of a second to traverse the 800 miles of wire.

So much for the work nearly accomplished. During its progress General Baeyer has organized a geodetical conference in Berlin, in order that the triangulations of Germany and Italy may be united, which would enable an arc equal in extent to the Anglo-French arc of meridian, and several smaller arcs of parallel, to be measured in addition to the Anglo-Russian one. Saxony and Austria have already given their adhesion to the scheme, and, should it be carried out, the whole of central Europe, from the parallel of Christiania to that of Palermo, will be covered with a vast network of triangulation, the unit of measurement being the *Peruvian toise*, so called from its having served as the limit of measure in the Peruvian arc, determined by a Commission of the French Academy in 1735. We have derived our information on this last subject from a *rapport verbal* of M. Faye, recently made to the French Academy, in which body it has given rise to discussions more amusing to the auditory than creditable to Science; M. Faye (with whom lately has been associated M. Delaunay), on the part of the *Bureau des Longitudes*, and M. Le Verrier, as representing the Observatory, indulging in mutual recriminations on the subject; the former asserting that the work belongs to the *Bureau des Longitudes*; the latter insisting that the Observatory should

have the control of it, contrary to French and, as it was pointed out, English precedent upon the point. During the discussion, M. Le Verrier, who has conducted his part of it in a manner entirely his own, thought fit to charge M. Faye with an important omission in the observations made by him to determine the difference of longitude between Greenwich and Paris. These observations are now some nine years old, were highly applauded by M. Le Verrier at the time, and have satisfied all who have investigated them since. Now, however, M. Le Verrier is impressed with their worthlessness, and has obtained the consent of our Astronomer-Royal to a redetermination of the difference.

The *Kjökkenmøddings*, or kitchen-middens of Denmark, which have been described and familiarized to us by Mr. Lubbock in the *Natural History Review*, have recently been illustrated in a most unexpected quarter; similar heaps of waste shells and other *débris*, often six or eight feet in thickness, being actually in course of formation in New Zealand, where they are common near the shore. Mr. Lechmere Guppy thus describes them in the *Geologist* for this month:—

These are most frequently met with near native villages, but it is by no means uncommon to find them far from any trace of Maori dwellings. I have never seen any human bones in these, though from the former cannibal habits of the Aborigines of New Zealand, it might be anticipated that some human remains would be found, and indeed on closer examination such may be discovered. These kitchen-heaps are composed chiefly of the shells of one species of bivalve mollusk, called by the natives *pipi*, which is still plentifully taken and eaten, though not so much so as before the European occupation of the country. The natives now have a better supply of animal food than formerly, in the pigs, poultry, and oxen introduced by the Europeans, and are not so dependent on the produce of the sea and rivers.

We trust that this note of Mr. Guppy's will serve as a hint to future travellers to examine most carefully such heaps, should they be found; for in no better way can our knowledge of the *Kjökkenmøddings* of Denmark and the Pile-works of Switzerland be increased.

The *Archæopteryx* Slab appears inexhaustible, for since the wonderful fossil bird was described by Professor Owen, the brain has been detected, as we announced some weeks ago; and more recently, thanks to the close observation of Mr. Davies of the British Museum, a jaw has been discovered, supposed in the first instance to be that of the bird itself. Mr. Davies, however, considers it to be the upper part of the head of a *Lepidoid* fish.

Microscopists and all lovers of symmetrical and beautiful forms will examine with interest the plate in the *Quarterly Journal of Microscopical Science* illustrative of Dr. Greville's paper on *New and rare Diatoms*, which have been gathered from all parts of the world and from all sea-depths, principally by Dr. Roberts and Dr. Wallich: more life-forms too may be expected from the same source, for a Norwegian naturalist had recently obtained, by means of the instruments used by the latter, living animals from a depth of more than a mile and a half between Cape North and Spitzbergen. At this depth, when the temperature was only three-tenths of a degree centigrade, were found living polyps, mussels, tunicata, annelides, and bright-coloured crustaceans. We must refer our readers to the report of the paper read at the Society of Arts on the 28th ultimo for a practical application of these investigations; an important question regarding the future success of oceanic telegraphy being answered by an inference derived from the microscopic examination of some shells found at the bottom of the Mediterranean.

Magenta dye, suggested by Dr. Roberts at a recent meeting of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester, as an aid in the microscopical examination of animal and vegetable tissue, promises to be a valuable auxiliary, as it is peculiarly adapted for this purpose in consequence of its solubility in simple water, and its inert chemical character. The nuclear structures of animal cells are deeply tinted by it; and the nuclei of the pale blood-corpuscles, of pus-globules, of the renal and hepatic cells, and of all epithelial structures are brought out in great beauty, of a bright carbuncle red. The red



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blood-disks are tinted of a faint rose colour; and a darker red speck, not hitherto noticed, is to be observed on the periphery of the corpuscle; it undergoes some changes when treated with tannin and subsequently with caustic potash, but this point is still under investigation.

Rubidium, one of the spectrum-discovered metals, has for some time past been experimented upon by Bunsen, who writes to Professor Roscoe that he has prepared it in a metallic state, by reduction with carbon in an iron vessel; seventy-five grammes of the bitartrate of rubidium yielding five grammes of the metal in coherent masses, one of which weighed three grammes. Rubidium closely resembles potassium in its properties, its vapour possesses a greenish-blue colour, its specific gravity is 1.65, it is more electropositive than potassium, and it melts at the very low temperature of 38.5° C. From another letter to M. Dumas, we learn that the reduction of rubidium by carbon is effected with more difficulty than that of sodium, and less so than that of potassium. It will be seen that the melting point of rubidium is lower than that of either sodium, potassium, or lithium, which melt at 95° 6 C, 62° 5 C, and 180° C respectively.

The science of gunnery is advancing with rapid strides, and the gun-metal at present used, which held its ground against aluminium bronze principally on account of the expense of the latter, has now another rival—sterro-metal, an alloy of copper and spelter, with a small proportion of iron and tin—which is stated to be from thirty-five to forty per cent. cheaper than gun-metal itself. The properties of this new alloy, the invention of the Baron de Rosthorn, of Vienna, have recently been carefully examined at the Polytechnic Institution of that city. The tensile strength, as compared with that of gun-metal, is very great, a weight of thirty-eight tons being required to break a bar of the metal (drawn cold), the transverse sectional area of the bar being one square inch,—a similar bar of gun-metal breaking with seventeen tons, and one of aluminium bronze, with forty-three tons. Sterro-metal possesses another quality, regarded as more important than its high tenacity—namely, great elasticity. It is not permanently elongated, until stretched beyond 1-600th of its length; but within that limit it is perfectly elastic, and recovers its original form after the stretching force is withdrawn. Gun-metal is permanently elongated when stretched beyond 1-1590th of its length, and wrought-iron beyond about 1-1500th of its length. It is computed that a tube of which the radius of the bore is 4.719 centimetres (about 1 1/4 in.), and the external radius 11.524 centimetres (about 4 1/2 in.), will, if made of metal having for its limit of elasticity 1 in 1500, resist a pressure equal to 267 atmospheres, and that a similar tube of forged sterrometal will resist a pressure equal to 763 atmospheres.

## LEARNED SOCIETIES.

### ABSTRACTS OF PROCEEDINGS.

PHILOLOGICAL, January 16th.—Professor Goldstücker in the Chair.

The paper read was a continuation, by Professor Key, of an inquiry into the merits of the German School of Philology founded by Bopp, and had special reference to the edition of the *Vergleichende Grammatik*, published within the last few years. After some remarks on Bopp's comparative neglect of the physical problems which lie at the foundation of oral language, and especially his apparent ignorance of the great law of vowel-sound established by the experiments of Professor Willis, at Cambridge, so far back as 1828, Professor Key proceeded to criticize the German Professor's dealings with roots, both those which supply the family of verbs, and those others which are of his own creation, the so-called pronominal. He first produces evidence in detail to show that the very examples which Bopp puts forward of verbal roots include many secondary verbs, an error parallel to that of which an English philologist would be guilty if he brought forward as root-verbs our *hark* and *pluck*, in forgetfulness of the simple *hear* and *pull*. But his strongest complaint was against Bopp's own innovation of pronominal roots. We will here point out one instance out of many specimens of Bopp's bold procedure. The Sanskrit pronoun *a* signifies commonly "this," but as Bopp truly remarks, it is not uncommon for a pronoun signifying *this* also to signify *that*. He then assumes, without, or rather against, all evidence,

that his pronoun *a* had this double power: and starting from the sense of "that" as opposed to "this," he argues that what is there is *not* here, and so *a* may well represent negation. Hence it is one with the *a* privative common to Sanskrit and Greek. One step further, and he observes that what *was* is not, and so *a*, as denoting a negation of the present, may be employed as a symbol of the past. Accordingly, he finds in the Sanskrit augment of past tenses, as *a* of *a-bhavam*, "I was," corresponding to the Greek syllabic augment *ε*. Again, in the chapter on prepositions from the same pronoun *a*, he deduces a fearful family of words, including both *ava* and *upa* of the Greek, *pro* and *re* of the Latin; so that, it would seem, absence and presence, forward and backward, are kindred ideas.

GEOGRAPHICAL, January 26th.—Sir Roderick I. Murchison, President, in the Chair.

Lieutenant Francis Duncan, R.N.: Major Frederic John Goldsmid; Captain Edward Menzies; the Rev. Frederick Trevellick; Major Quintus Vivian; John Gardiner Austin; Alfred Barry; Thomas Moseley Crowder; John Emslie; William Gillett; Charles Harvey; Moss Joshua; Frederick John Jourdain; George Macfarlane; J. A. Olding; Frederick John Walker; George C. Wallich, M.D.; Frederick G. A. Williams; and John Wright, Esqrs., were elected Fellows.

Mr. Spottiswoode read the first paper, "On a proposed Route to Siam, China, &c., across the Isthmus of Kraw, by Captains Fraser and Forlong;" communicated by Dr. Duncan Macpherson, F.R.G.S., &c. &c. The paper set forth the advantages to be derived by constructing a railway through the neck of land in the Malay Peninsula, known as the Isthmus of Kraw, both as regards time and safety. The paper stated that the saving in time between Calcutta and Hong-Kong by this route would be ninety-three hours; and fifty-six hours would be saved from Ceylon to Hong-Kong. Touching at four ports, viz., Akyab, Rangoon, Moulmein, and Kraw, while coasting it from Calcutta to Hong-Kong, thirty-four hours will be saved over the present route, viz., Singapore.

From Ceylon to Kraw, and thence direct to Calcutta, two extra English mails may be carried in nine-and-a-half days to the mouth of the Hooghly, necessitating only one extra steamer between Ceylon and Aden, to meet the Bombay mail. The capital required for construction would not exceed £700,000.

Mr. John Crawford, F.R.G.S., considered that the route in question would never serve as the transit for the great trade between Europe, India, and China. Nor, if practicable, would the small saving of time to be gained justify the great outlay that must be incurred.

Captain Henderson thought the proposed route across the Isthmus of Kraw not desirable in a national point of view, and certainly not equal to other routes which had been projected overland with the view of opening up a more direct communication with China, either from Eastern Pegu or by way of the Irrawaddy.

Mr. Lawrence Oliphant, F.R.S., then read his paper on the "Island of Tsushima, Japan." After a short allusion to the inland sea of Japan, Mr. Oliphant gave an account of a visit to Tsushima, an island lying midway in the Straits of the Corea. Fatchia, the capital, is situated on the east coast. It contains 10,000 inhabitants. The Prince's Palace is situated near the town. He is absolute proprietor of the island, and has a monopoly of the transit trade between the Corea and Japan, which consists chiefly of tiger skins, hides, rice, silver, and gold. The island is about 40 miles long, from 8 to 10 broad, and contains a population of 30,000. It is hilly, the highest peaks attaining an elevation of upwards of 2,000 feet; they are heavily timbered. The island is almost bisected by a deep sound, from which numerous deep floods diverge. The fleets of the world might be concealed in this labyrinth of inland waters. As yet our knowledge of the interior of the island is very limited. Its position between Corea and Japan renders it important.

After some observations from Capt. Bullock, R.N., and Capt. Malcolm, R.E., F.R.G.S., the President called attention to the reported death of Mr. Consul Petherick and his wife on the White Nile, and expressed the deep regret which every geographer must feel at the untimely death of these enterprising travellers.

INSTITUTE OF ACTUARIES, January 26th.—Charles Jellicoe, Esq., President, in the Chair.

Messrs. R. R. F. Davey, T. C. Dutton, W. J. Norton, E. W. Norfolk, J. S. Parker, S. W. H. Secretan, A. E. Wenham, and A. R. Wormald, were elected Associates of the Institute.

The President announced the results of the Annual Examinations, which took place in December last. Mr. Hill Williams, Honorary Secretary, read a paper by Mr. James Meikle: "On the Calculation of Survivorship Annuities by the Columnar Method."

SOCIETY OF ARTS, January 28.—W. R. Grove, Esq., Q.C. F.R.S., in the Chair.

A paper was read by T. A. Masey, Esq., on the Submarine Telegraph.

In the first part of the paper the author stated the invention of the electric telegraph as it now exists belongs not to one individual, but to several scientific men of different nations. Watson, in England, 1747; Lesage, at Geneva, 1774; Betancourt, in Spain, 1787; Sömmering, in Germany, 1809; Dyer, in New York, 1820; Steinheil, in Bavaria, 1836; Sir W. O'Shaughnessy, in India, 1839; Cooke and Wheatstone, in England, 1837; Professor Jacobi, in Russia, 1842; Morse, in America, 1843; and Brett, in London, 1845, may specially be mentioned; the merit of the practical introduction of the electric telegraph, however, being indisputably due to the English. In 1840 Professor Wheatstone, and in 1842 Professor Morse experimented upon the submarine telegraph; but it was not until 1845 that Mr. Brett took out a patent for a submarine electric cable, the insulating medium being caoutchouc and other substances protected by a plaited hempen cord. Receiving no encouragement from the English Government, he applied to the French, and obtained an exclusive grant to lay cables on the French coast for ten years, and in 1850, he, together with other gentlemen, laid the first line from Dover to Calais. At the present time the miles laid down amount to 15,156 1/2, whilst there are only 6,350 1/2 at work, so many having proved failures. Mr. Masey then, referring to the Atlantic Telegraph, stated that in 1856 the English Government granted a subsidy of £14,000, and the American the guarantee of a similar sum, for cables to be laid between Ireland and Newfoundland. The author then explained some experiments made by Professor Faraday and Mr. Latimer relative to the different velocity with which the fluid passed along a wire covered with an insulating substance and laid in sea or earth, and along

a simple wire suspended by insulators attached to poles. He stated that it was observed in the case of the former that a resistance was offered to the flight of the fluid from induction. It will be readily understood that the longer the cable the greater the resistance of the induction.

After having given an elaborate list of all the submarine cables that are in use, and the length of time they have been worked, &c., Mr. Masey gave a description of the various accidents which befel the Atlantic cable, and Professor Thomson's marine galvanometer, without which no messages would have been deciphered. "Round a brass tube is wound a quantity of the finest copper wire, and suspended in this tube by a silken thread is a little mirror, about the size of a sixpence, with a magnet at the back; upon this mirror a light is thrown from a lamp, which is reflected back by the mirror upon a scale, showing a little spot of light. This apparatus is so simple and sensitive that the slightest current of electricity is sufficient to act upon the magnet attached to the mirror, and cause it to move either to the right or left according to the nature of the fluid." The author then showed the various improvements in the making of submarine cables, and also in the practical working of them. It is found that positive currents of electricity, or those generated from the copper pole of the battery, are better adapted to the working of the submarine cables than the use of the negative currents, or those from the zinc pole of the battery, or both alternately, which will soon find out the defective places, and destroy the cable in those parts. The offer of the eminent cable manufacturers, Messrs. Glass, Elliot, and Co., who will (if selected to make and lay the cable) undertake to keep it in working order for one year, has induced the directors to solicit public support for a new cable, and having received great encouragement, a consulting Committee, consisting of Mr. Fairbairn, Mr. J. Whitworth, Professor Wheatstone, and Professor Thomson, has been appointed to select a suitable cable, and also to inquire into other scientific matters concerning it. After explaining the different routes which have been proposed, Mr. Masey referred to the pressure of the ocean upon the cable, from which, and from a recent discovery of Ehrenberg, the great microscopist, who, on obtaining some specimens from a great depth in the Mediterranean, found freshwater shells with flesh in them, we may conclude with reason that the gutta-percha used for insulating submarine wires, may, with the deep sea upon it, become impervious to decay.

He then enumerated some methods proposed for the better manufacture of the cable, and stated that the original spiral form of twisted wires for the outer covering still keeps its ground, and it is reported by the Government Scientific Committee that India-rubber surpasses all other materials in the smallness of the amount of the inductive discharge and the perfectness of its insulation.

After the reading of the paper a discussion followed, in which Rear-Admiral Elliot, Dr. Wallich, Admiral Sir E. Belcher, and other gentlemen took part.

## MEETINGS NEXT WEEK.

### MONDAY, February 9.

GEOGRAPHICAL, at 8.30.—Burlington House. 1. Inundations of the Nile; by Consul S. S. Saunders. 2. Report by Dr. Baikie, on the Countries in the Neighbourhood of the Niger. 3. Notes on Madagascar; by Lieut. Oliver, R.A.

BRITISH ARCHITECTS, at 8.—9, Conduit-street, Hanover-square. Practical Ventilation. Mr. F. Marable.

MEDICAL, at 8.30.—32a, George-street, Hanover-square.

JURIDICAL, at 8.—4, St. Martin's-place. Foreign Enlistment Act, and the Alabama. Mr. W. W. Kerr. Lord Stanley, M.P., will preside.

### TUESDAY, February 10.

ROYAL INSTITUTION, at 3.—Albemarle-street. Animal Mechanics. Professor Marshall.

CIVIL ENGINEERS, at 8.—25, Great George-street, Westminster. Discussion upon Sleeper Woods, Madras Railway. Description of the Drainage of Dundee. Mr. John Fulton, of Newport (Mon.). Mr. A. Williams.

SYRO-EGYPTIAN, at 7.30.—22, Hart-street, Bloomsbury. 1. Memoir on the Discovery of the Sacred Pace and Cubit of the Hebrews. 2. Hebrew Christian Inscription of the year 135 of our Lord.—Duke of Roussillon.

MEDICAL AND CHIRURGICAL, at 8.30.—53, Berners-street, Oxford-street.

### WEDNESDAY, February 11.

SOCIETY OF ARTS, at 8.—John-street, Adelphi. The Submarine Telegraph. Thomas Webster, F.R.S.

LONDON INSTITUTION, at 7.—Finsbury Circus. Zoology of Warm-blooded Vertebrata. II. Aves præcoces. C. Carter Blake, F.A.S.L.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE, at 8.30.—4, St. Martin's-place. W. S. Vaux, Esq., Hon. Sec. Report on the Simonides Manuscripts.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION, at 8.30.—32, Sackville-street. Rev. Prebendary Scarth. On a Roman Villa, at Combe Down, Bath.

### THURSDAY, February 12.

ROYAL, at 8.30.—Burlington House.

ANTIQUARIES, at 8.30.—Somerset House.

ROYAL INSTITUTION, at 3.—Albemarle-street. Artificial Illumination. Dr. E. Frankland.

### FRIDAY, February 13.

ROYAL INSTITUTION, at 8.—Evening Meeting. Artificial Illumination. Dr. E. Frankland.

ASTRONOMICAL, at 3.—Somerset House. Annual General Meeting.

### SATURDAY, February 14.

ROYAL INSTITUTION, at 3.—Albemarle-street. Life and Death. W. S. Savory.

ROYAL BOTANIC, at 3.45.—Inner Circle, Regent's-park.



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## RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

[Publications received later than five p.m. on Wednesday, cannot be noticed till the following week.]

(SHORT NOTICES OF BOOKS CONTAINED IN PREVIOUS LISTS.)

**Shall we Register Title?** By Tenison Edwards. Chapman & Hall.

The above little volume is a not unfavourable specimen of a class of book becoming daily more common, by which the drier matters of professional learning are adapted to the taste of the general reader. But though his book must be ranked among them, our author may fairly claim exemption from many of the criticisms levelled at compositions of this kind. The antagonism of interest he assumes to exist between the public and members of the profession, supplies a legitimate motive for publication in his case, which in other instances is wanting. While, however, we accept this plea as a justification for the appearance of the work, we cannot help suggesting to Mr. Edwards that it would lose none of its efficacy if couched in rather less robust phraseology. With the example of Lord St. Leonards before our eyes, we confess that it seems possible to us, even for country solicitors to entertain misgivings as to the utility of the new Act, without necessarily being actuated by interested motives—an imputation on which the author dwells more than once, and which strikes one as singularly out of place in a work dedicated by permission to the Lord Chancellor. Numberless small grammatical and typographical errors, in some cases amounting to a jumble of whole sentences (vide pp. 10 and 25) seem moreover to accuse extreme haste in the getting up of Mr. Edwards's eulogy on an act which has hardly yet achieved success, whether or not it has deserved it. His work contains an exposition of the provisions and machinery of the Registry of Titles Act, which is commented on in a very clear and concise form, intelligible to the general reader. The sixteenth chapter is the most important one. It sums up and purports to answer Lord St. Leonards's objections to a general registry, as also those which his Lordship has put forward to the Lord Chancellor's Act—objections which Mr. Edwards has accurately epitomized. To enter into the merits of such a controversy (did we believe—which we do not—that at the present moment it is possible to arrive at any certain conclusion) would, under any circumstances, far exceed the limits of this notice. In a matter in which minute fitness of detail is of the essence experience can alone decide. In the meantime, until the question is thus solved, the fact that such objections are entertained by a man like Lord St. Leonards, of practical intellect and great knowledge of the working of real property law, must prevent our hastily accepting any refutation of them, however specious and ingenious it may appear.

**Elementary Treatise on Land Surveying and Levelling.** By Robert Thornton, Civil and Practical Engineer. London: Longman & Co. 1863. 12mo.

This work is of very unequal merit. The directions for keeping the field-book are clear, and the examples are numerous, and likely to be useful to the beginner, as also are the rules for reducing plans of irregular shapes to a simple form. Moreover, the small and portable size of the book is a recommendation. But the student must be warned against a batch of serious errors in the mathematical, and vague statements in the scientific part of the subject. For instance, in page 9, we meet with the expression  $\frac{b+c+a}{2}$ , which should be  $\frac{(b+c)+a}{2}$ ;

and this error is repeated throughout. In p. 33, in the first two lines, two errors occur, viz. :—

$$\frac{a+b+c}{2} \times \frac{a+b+c}{2} \times \frac{a-b+c}{2} \times \frac{a+b-c}{2}$$

= area when  $a, b$  and  $c$  denote the three sides."

This should have been :—

$$\frac{a+b+c}{2} \times \frac{-a+b+c}{2} \times \frac{a-b+c}{2} \times \frac{a+b-c}{2}$$

= (area)<sup>2</sup> &c.

In p. 56 it is said, "The bearing may be found from the direction of the sun at noon, 12 o'clock." The introduction of the words 12 o'clock is peculiarly unfortunate. At noon (apparent noon) the sun is always in the meridian, but at 12 o'clock (mean local time) is sometimes as much as four degrees distant. In the note in the same page, on the magnetic meridian, the latitude, where the variation of 24° occurs, should have been stated, for at Greenwich, which the context would seem to imply, the variation at the present epoch scarcely exceeds 20°.

**Letters on Transportation**, as the only means of effectual Convict Reform. Also Letters on the Revolting Cruelties practised under the Game Laws, showing these Laws to be one of the most prolific sources of Convictism. By William Howitt, author of "Colonization and Christianity," &c., &c. Cr. 8vo., London: A. W. Bennett.

The above lengthy title will sufficiently explain the objects of this pamphlet. The greater part of it is a reprint of letters that have recently appeared in the daily newspapers, and must therefore be still fresh in the public mind. On this matter Mr. Howitt is no mere theorist, having lately spent two years in Australia, a large portion of which he devoted to a practical investigation of the effects of transportation there, both on the country and on the convicts themselves. Mr. Howitt's exposure of the cruelties practised under the Game Laws will, we hope, not be without its effect upon future legislation. Mr. Howitt's pamphlet is written with all that trenchant vigour of style which characterises his productions.

**The Oyster: Where and When to Find, Breed, Cook, and Eat it.** Boards, pp. 106. Illustrated. London: Trübner & Co. Fcap. 8vo. bds. 1s.

Nobody but a man in love with his subject could have written this book. It is full of the most varied information, which is conveyed to the reader in a familiar, agreeable, and chaty manner. There is nothing the lover of oysters can want to know in relation to this succulent and interesting little creature but he may find it in this volume; and whatever his partialities for the oyster, he may count on their being increased by its perusal, whilst scoffers who understand not the excellences of such a delicacy must stand rebuked in the presence of the author. After reading it from beginning to end, and revelling in remembered and anticipated feasts, of natives, pandores, and poldoodies, we close the book, exclaiming,

"Let those eat now who never ate before,  
And those who always eat now eat the more."

## A HANDFUL OF MAGAZINES.

THE article in *Blackwood* on "The Taepings and their Remedy" is evidently written by a man who understands his subject, so far as his opportunities for studying it have gone; but there is much more to learn than even the writer of this article knows, before we can be sure we are treading on safe ground in dealing with this subject. The writer is confident as to the propriety of our unofficial interference in the quarrel between the two great parties in China. More justifiable efforts, however, have been frustrated and fairer hopes disappointed. "Caxtoniana" is just what might have been expected from its author, neither better nor worse. Those who have not long since ceased to read his writings may, of course, go on doing so for ever. "Henri Lacordaire" is well written, with a leaning on the part of the writer in favour of his subject. The notice of "Lady Morgan's Memoirs" might have been readable, were it not ill-natured and coarse, and marked strongly by that kind of offensive smartness which has made such progress of late amongst those who contribute to our periodical literature. The old lady's house, we are told, "was furnished in a tawdry, brilliant style," and here "she dispensed her weak tea and weaker conversation with equal fluency." Ireland is "the land of Papists and potatoes," &c.

*Cornhill*. The critics of "Romola" must by this time have discovered that they have been cavilling at a masterpiece. Not only is the character of Tito Melema an entirely new one in the realm of fiction, but it is one wrought out—considering its difficulty—with a firm and subtle truth never yet equalled. If, at first, the writer seemed somewhat strange and awkward in the Florence of the fifteenth century, she has now thoroughly realized to herself her own picture, from which the figure of Savonarola, in its strength and in its weakness, stands out with unsurpassed historic power. She thus obtains, if one may change the image, a keynote of moral truthfulness to which, with its dominant Tito Melema, all the other characters attune themselves—unless it be the over-infantile Tessa, and the somewhat melodramatic Baldassare, the alternations of gloom and clearness in whose mind are nevertheless depicted with marvellous skill. In the present Number, the staying of Romola's flight by Savonarola, and the waking up in her of the consciousness that all her past self-devotion has been only a form of self-will, and that utterly beyond all hitherto imagined self-devotion lies the reality of self-surrender, give occasion to one of those studies of moral physiology, if one may so speak, in which the authoress excels. Every other paper in the *Cornhill* must appear tame beside "Romola," but the "Inner Life of a Man of War" must be noticed as a remarkably clear and pleasant sketch of its kind. The "Notes on Science" have surely singularly fallen off since they were first introduced into the Magazine.

*Macmillan*. Besides Mr. Kingsley's fairy tale of the "Water-babies," which, after all wise exceptions (and they are many) have been taken to the subject, and to the mode of treating it, remains still most fascinating reading for those who simply choose to receive what the author gives them, and to follow him wherever he leads them, and which, moreover, contains this time one of his most exquisite lyrics—the most remarkable paper here is beyond contest Mr. M. Arnold's, on Dr. Stanley's "Jewish Church;" being, in fact, a reply to the critics on his former article on "Spinoza and Bishop Colenso." Thought and style in Mr. Arnold are both so exquisitely polished that it is always a pleasure to read him, even though the pleasure may be akin to that of passing one's finger along the edge of some finely-tempered blade, knowing at the same time that the slightest pressure would draw blood. The present paper, in which the writer seems put upon his mettle, is far superior to its predecessor, and goes much deeper; depths, in fact, appear to have been stirred up in Mr. Arnold's mind, of the existence of which many of his readers have hitherto been hardly conscious. He has brought out with telling force the need of a positive Gospel, of an announcement of real deliverance to mankind. But at the same time he clings to shreds and remnants of his old *poco-curante* creed of intellectualism, which stand in the strangest contrast with those deeper truths of which he has made himself the exponent. He still claims to set apart from all the world a few "sublime solitaires," to whom literary criticism is to concede "the right of treating religion with absolute freedom, as pure matter for thought," whilst it is its duty apparently to try all others by a standard drawn, at least under one of its dimensions, from "the religious life." Now, either that religious life is a lie, when it proclaims that there is "one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of us all," or it is a truth. If it be a lie, it can furnish no worthy standard to a criticism which searches after truth. If it be a truth, then the existence of these "sublime solitaires," who are above all religion, is simply impossible, and the "literary criticism," which claims to be an indifferent arbiter between religion and them, has no ground to stand on.

The February number of the *Exchange* completes the second volume of this very useful periodical, the successive papers in which, on "Trade and Finance in 1862" (January), and on "The Commerce and Manufacture of Great Britain in 1862" (February), may well justify the enhanced price (1s. 6d.) of the numbers in which they appear, although it may be doubtful whether the magazine will permanently bear such a price. The papers on "The Resources of the British West Indies," and "The Hawaiian Islands," in the present number, sin only by their shortness.

*Temple Bar*. This is rather more than an average Number. It contains one or two good gossiping articles, but decidedly the best paper in it is that on the Black-burn Sewing Schools, as it describes vividly, and with much feeling, scenes which cannot be read without troubling the heart.

*St. James's*. Little or nothing can be said in recommendation of the present Number of this Magazine. The account of "A Revolutionary Breakfast in St. James's Square," by the Hermit of Belgravia, which brings together the Duke of Norfolk, Sir Francis Burdett, Horne Tooke, Porson, Cobbett, Walcott, Godwin, and makes them talk and act like the frequenters of a tap-room, would be painful to read if we could believe in its truth.

*The Englishwoman's Journal*. The principal feature in this number is an article headed, "Of those who are the Property of others, and of the Great Power that holds others as Property," and is an able exposé of the workings of the slave system in the Southern States of North America, based on Professor Cairnes's recent work on "The Slave Power." It has also a useful paper by Miss Bessie R. Parkes, on "Nursing, Past and Present."

The February Number of *Good Words*, though somewhat heavier than its predecessor (which seems to have sold to the immense extent of 110,000 copies), contains about its usual amount of pleasant and healthy reading. We object, however, to the so-called vindication of Bishop Colenso, which is not a vindication, but an attack, not quite fair in method, and anything but commendable in spirit.

The most interesting article in the current number of the *Sixpenny Magazine* (which concludes the fourth Volume), is entitled "Reminiscences of Edgar Poe," and ends:—"Poor Poe! If the scribblers who have snapped like curs at his remains, had seen him as his friends saw him, in his dire necessity and his great temptation, they would have been worse than they deem him, to have written as they have concerning a man of whom they really know next to nothing."

The *Revue des deux Mondes* opens with one of those valuable articles which are characteristic of its pages, by M. Aube, "Three Years' Campaigning in Senegal," a subject, in all likelihood, utterly new to almost all our readers, but of which the French writer has well brought out the interest. M. Dupont White—most enthusiastic and brilliant of centralizers—publishes the fourth of his series on "Local Administration in France and England," full, as usual, of happy and acute observation, hasty generalization, and brilliant paradox. M. Michelet's "Sorcière" is not too severely treated by an honest and high-toned writer, M. Milsand. M. Forcade has written a beautiful paper on "The Christmas Week in Lancashire." M. H. Blerzy continues his series on "Oceanic Telegraphy." M. Forcade's "Chronique"—generally the most noteworthy political "leader" of the whole world's press—deals chiefly with the Emperor's speech to the Exhibitors, the French cotton crisis, and M. Thouvenel. He quotes, with well-deserved praise, a passage from the introduction to the Prince Consort's speeches, and mentions two remarkable facts in reference to the workmen in the French cotton districts, which have their exact parallel amongst our own: one, their admirable patience under present sufferings, which is supposed to be chiefly attributable to the growth among them of the spirit and practice of association, though till now realized only in the shape of friendly societies; the other, their aversion to the idea of intervention in the American quarrel. The other articles do not seem to call for special notice.

**The Family Herald.** A Domestic Magazine of Useful Information and Amusement. London: Benjamin Blake.

This, we believe, is the oldest of that class of periodicals which goes under the general title of "cheap literature." For several years it had to walk in bad company, though it was never confounded with its less respectable contemporaries, having always enjoyed a good reputation and a large patronage, which do not seem likely to forsake it.

**The Holiness of Beauty; or, The Conformation of the Material by the Spiritual.** Christian Idealism. By W. CAVE THOMAS. London: F. S. Ellis. 1863.

Mr. Thomas seems to have been moved to write this book by indignation against two opposite forms of error; the one being that of those religionists who think physical beauty and the temporal well-being of man to be things of comparatively little moment, and direct all their thoughts to a haven of rest, happiness, and beauty, to be entered upon after the close of life; the other, of those who consider that matter acts upon mind, instead of mind upon matter—materialists, in short, who, indeed, excite Mr. Thomas's especial abhorrence.

The author is a thoughtful man, who, finding divers theories afloat in the world on subjects connected with the art he practises, has sought to help others to a solution of some of the questions in dispute, writing and printing the conclusions at which he has arrived. He calls himself—perhaps with less truth than he imagines—a "propounder of new views." His treatise, he tells us, is intended "to unite the fragmentary knowledge of moral governance in one consistent whole. At present there is no unity of conception on the subject. . . . A work, therefore, which would keep the enchainment of phenomena constantly before the mind of the student, is more than ever required." And he promises another treatise devoted to "Scientific Idealism;" to an Inquiry concerning the Principle of Permanence, Rectitude, Perfection and Beauty by the aid of reason alone. In this a calculus will be used to demonstrate that the quantitative principle of moral governance "proclaimed by the Scriptures is identical with that arrived at by the highest generalization of science."

We wish him all success in his undertaking. There is acceptable matter in the present volume, but it seems to us that 220 pages are too much to devote to the few simple ideas propounded, and the book is so crowded with Scripture texts, strung together page after page, and not always having any very apparent connection with the point under discussion, or with each other, that the thread of the argument is in danger of being lost.

Mr. Thomas's teaching is that man and nature were originally perfect and beautiful; that the fall of man has not only debased his moral qualities, but deformed his person also, and that the restoration to perfection of body and mind is to be brought about by "Christian Idealism," which is also to enable man "to restore all things to rectitude and truth." There is no doubt much that is right in this view; there can be no true beauty without goodness, and the beauty born of goodness, instead of perishing with age, shines more and more continually from the face of the righteous. There is no doubt, too, that the human race would increase in beauty of person were men careful to follow those laws which have been laid down for their guidance, if they will be at the pains to search them out; external nature, too, may be to some extent improved by the operations of man acting in conformity with the laws of God. But man's power over the beautiful in the world external to himself, is but limited; all the grander phenomena of nature are beyond his reach, he cannot add to the beauty of the Alps, the ocean, or the clouds. He can and does in certain spots smirch the sky with smoke and defile the sea with sewage; but his powers for evil even are but limited, and he can influence these greater matters as little almost as he can the stars of heaven. Again, a well-cultivated country has a charm for every eye, but how refreshing is it to quit it for the solitude of the hills or the forest, where nature is as yet untamed, and all things are as if man were not! Here are beauties which man cannot give, cannot improve, can only respect.



7 FEBRUARY, 1863.

Our author holds that beauty is the mean between extremes, and finishes his book with a chapter on "The Mean called the Golden and Immutable, a Fragment." The notion of beauty and goodness being mean between two extremes of excess and defect, instead of having any connection with "Christian Idealism," is eminently heathen, and was worked out by Aristotle long before the days of Diodati, whom Mr. Thomas seems to think its great apostle. It excludes all idea of aspiration, and tends to reduce virtue to one monotonous level. It would be impossible, acting on such a theory, "to press forward to those things which are before," and aim at perfection. The controversy would appear to be closed by the impossibility of applying such a rule to the goodness of God, which is our highest, and indeed our only "ideal."

The strong view which our author takes of the imperfection of nature, necessarily makes him a partisan of the idealist as opposed to the realist school in matters of art. Surely there is room for both, nor need they interfere with each other more than the writers of history and fiction. What has been, what might be, and even what never could be, are legitimate subjects for literary effort, though it is best not to mix them together in the same composition, and this would appear to hold good in pictorial art also. There may be portraits of men and portraits of places which should be painted with all their warts and blemishes; there may, too, be pictures not strictly portraits, but of such every-day subjects that any attempt to idealize the faces in them would be felt at once to be out of place. The Ploughboy, or the weather-beaten Sailor, should not have an ideal look, but be so drawn that the individual seems to be familiar to the spectator. We should not, however, expect to recognise as old acquaintances the members of a heavenly choir in a painting by Beato Angelico, or be pleased if, in contemplating a Madonna by Raphael, we should remember having seen in every street through which we had passed on the way to the Gallery, a face which might have served the artist for his model.

Mr. Thomas's book may, however, well be read with profit by those who think they exalt the Spiritual by contemning the Physical, who do not recognise the fact that "Godliness is profitable for all things," or who affect to think that Art and Science are not compatible with the highest religious aspirations.

**Cups and their Customs.** 1863. Pp. vi—52. *Van Voorst.*

The principal object of these pages is to furnish a collection of recipes for the brewing of compound drinks, technically termed "Cups," all of which have been selected with the most scrupulous attention to the rules of gastronomy, and their virtues tested and approved by repeated trials. So far the Preface, which is preceded by a pretty-coloured engraving of a sprig of borage over a glass cup of the third or fourth century, the body pale pink, the men on it green, and the foliage and stand orange and yellow—a very creditable piece of work if made between 200 and 400 A.D. The book consists of a sketchy historical introduction of thirty pages on "Cups, their Customs, and Contents," four pages of hints to cup-brewers, four pages of old recipes for Metheglin, Lamb's Wool (ale, apples, and ginger), and the Wassail Bowl; twelve pages of modern recipes; five for Punch of various kinds—simple, Noyau, Gin, Whisky, Milk and Regents; three for Wine Cups—Claret, Hock, Sherry, Cobler, &c.; one for Beer Cups, and four for Liqueurs. It is so long since we drank Copus, &c., at college, that we cannot now pretend to judge of the value of the author's recipes, though in that for cherry brandy we notice that he does not direct the cherries to be pricked or cut, so that their juice may be let out into the brandy; and this is the special point that the most famous brewer of the compound known to us prides herself on. We can only hope that these recipes are better than the Introduction. When a man takes up one small subject like this of "Cups and their Contents," he is bound to work it up into something like completeness, and at least not to let a cheap popular book, on the whole subject of which his is only a small part, be far more complete than his. Yet we find that, on the Early English spiced wines, "The English Home" (J. H. Parker, Oxford, 3s. 6d.) is far more complete than our author. In the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries, he says, the chief wine was Malmsey, and a wine called "Clary" was also drunk at this period, and even in Edward III.'s reign there is evidence of compound drinks being in fashion. Of these he instances only Hypocras. Now the "English Home" shows how early and largely spice was used in our home-made and other wines, and also quotes from "The Squire of Lowe Degre" a real list of mediæval wines:—

"Ye shal have rumney and malmesyne,  
Both yppocrasse and vernage wyne,  
Mountrou and wine of Greke,  
Both algrade and respice eke,  
Antioche and bastarde,  
Pymment also, and garnarde.  
Wyne of Greke and Muscadell,  
Both clare, pymment, and Rochell."

Of Rumney we may note that the Play of the Sacrament says:—

"thys Romney ys good to goo with to reste;  
ther ys no precyouser fer nor nere,  
for alle wykkyd metys yt wylle degest."

Much the same character do Sorlet and Markham give of Malmsey, which is "very souveraine in the crudities of the stomache, and collickes;" and there is no end of pleasant learning on the matter entirely passed over by our author. We will grant what our author does not tell us: that Sires Robiers de Borron was right in saying that the wine which the devil, in the shape of a lovely damsel, gave to Perceval was much better than any he had ever tasted, "as at that time in Great Britain they had no wine except in very rich places, but drank commonly only beer, and other drinks that they made." Still we want to know something about these "other drinks," and recommend the author of "Cups and their Customs" to spend a little time on improving his Introduction, when after this fine open weather he quits the pigskin, and finishes the rattling galopade after the hounds, to which he tells us he is addicted. Has he ever heard of one Walter Mapes?

**Michelet (J.)** La Sorcière. Collection Hetzel. *Jung-Trentzel* à Leipzig. November 1862.

M. Michelet's book has an adventurous claim upon public attention, for which it is indebted to the French Government. Every book proscribed simply for opinion's sake has, whatever its intrinsic merits or demerits may be, a certain political value in the eyes of freemen. In itself, this volume is marked by the excellences to which we are accustomed in its author's works, and by the grave defects for which he has been censured by one of

the most learned historians of our time. M. Michelet is never dull, but his straining for effect makes him often bizarre and paradoxical. His comprehensive studies enable him to bring forward many new facts, but his uncritical mode of citation and violent prejudices make him a most unsafe guide. He professes loudly his reverence for *la Femme*, but an ill-concealed prudency taints every page. He takes credit to himself for having made the "Sorceress" the centre of his picture, and expects us to believe, on the strength of a quotation from Paracelsus, and of the proved medical virtues of one or two magical simples, that the Sorceress is the mother of modern science. Twice he tells us that he accepts the tale of Bluebeard as historical. He asserts that the early Christians cursed Nature herself, in the gross and in detail, to the point of seeing incarnate evil in a flower. It is somewhat hardy in a countryman of the Abbé Migne to condense the *Bibliotheca Patrum* into such a formula. Where, however, M. Michelet declares that every science was at first heresy, he has a modicum of truth on his side. Too often, to this day, Christian advocates make, on points of history, geography, statistics, chronology, astronomy, geology, and other sciences, assumptions which masters of those sciences scout as utterly groundless. But this intrusive temper is not peculiar to divines. M. Michelet himself, when he suggests a form in which the Gospel legend might have been more edifying, is assuming results which Biblical criticism, in such representatives as Bleek, Luicke, and Dr. Tregelles, wholly repudiates.

**The Prayer that Teaches to Pray.** By the Rev. Marcus Dods, A.M. *Hamilton & Co.* Fcap. 8vo. pp. 167.

This is an admirable little book. It makes no pretensions and gives no account of itself, but is in the form of a collection of sermons or meditations, one on each petition of the Lord's Prayer. Its excellence consists in this, that it is the result of the patient attention of an able and unaffected mind to the words of our Lord. We are quite sure that Lord Bacon's rule in natural philosophy holds in theology, and that any man who will come with a "naked mind" to the Scriptures and the facts of human life will be sure to reflect some truth. Different minds, of course, will reflect truths of different values, but all will reflect some. There is, perhaps, no sign of any remarkable genius in this book, except that the power of patient and trustful, though not bold, reflection is in itself a genius. But it is a book which will well repay any one, learned or simple, who has an hour or two to spare for devotional reading. We wish there were more books published of this excellence. There must be able and good men who could produce them, and as gold will always fetch more than silver, they must in time outweigh the miserable trash of which too much of our modern religious literature consists. No greater boon could be conferred on the country. We trust Mr. Dods will try to avoid some tricks of language which jar sometimes upon the general pureness of his style. He uses the word "just" in such phrases as "just this" in a way that is certainly not English; and he frequently, if not generally, confuses the use of "shall and will." We hope he will be able to remedy the last fault.

**British Influence in India, an Essay on the Influence which British Government has exercised on the material prosperity of that Country.** By Francis Cotterell Hodgson, B.A., Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, and Pitt University Scholar. London and Cambridge. *Macmillan & Co.* 1863.

India, a Lecture, delivered to the Vale of Leven Mechanics' Institution. By Patrick Boyle Smollett, M.P. Dumbartonshire. Second Edition. Glasgow, printed by James Heddewick & Son, 1863.

Written for the Le Bas Prize in 1862, Mr. Hodgson's Essay no doubt deserved it, and is a creditable College exercitation. If, however, he really wants to understand what India is, and what England has done there, he would do better not to take his statements of fact by handfuls from such apologists as Mr. Kaye, and may learn much truth of which he seems quite ignorant from the forty-five page pamphlet of Mr. Smollett, which fully deserves the second edition which it has reached. Mr. Smollett has one well-known *bête noire*, the Indian Public Works department, and like most Indian civilians, he probably quite underestimates the cotton-growing capabilities of India. But he goes to the very heart of the Indian question when he shows that, whilst so much is said of selling the land of India in fee-simple, the essential point is that of "wresting from the State the fee-simple," which, except in Bengal, it still claims to retain.

**Cassell's Illustrated Exhibitor:** containing about three Hundred Illustrations, with letter-press descriptions of all the principal Objects in the International Exhibition of 1862. 4to., pp. 272. *Cassell.* 7s. 6d.

Outwardly, this is a very attractive volume, fit for the drawing-room table; it contains a few very good illustrations of objects familiar to those who visited the Exhibition, and some well-written descriptions of many of the engravings; but here our praise ceases, for intermixed with all that is praiseworthy, we have some wretched cuts, evidently inserted by the parties exhibiting, and so much indiscriminate praise, that the opinions expressed are worthless. We regret this, because Messrs. Cassell had a noble opportunity of placing before the lower classes a periodical which might have done immense service to the cause of art.

**Poems from the Dawn of British Literature to the Year 1600.** Edinburgh: pp. 223. 1863. *John MacLaren.*

This volume, which is very neatly got up, consists of well-selected extracts from our old poets, many of which are old favourites with the public. Shakespeare, Milton, Herbert, and Vaughan are, however, excluded, the editor believing that extracts from these writers would be no better than mutilations. A better reason could be found in the fact that the works of the two first are to be found almost everywhere; but this cannot be said of Herbert or Vaughan, especially the latter, whose beautiful hymn, "Heaven in Prospect," should never be omitted from any collection of poems of a religious character.

**Whiteside (James, Right Hon., Q.C., LL.D.)** Life and Death of the Irish Parliament. A Lecture delivered before the Dublin Young Men's Christian Association. Part I. Cr. 8vo. sd. pp. 104. *Hodges, Smith, & Co.* (Dublin). 6d.

Fluent in its style, and pleasant enough to read as a slight historical sketch of the subject treated of. The life of the Irish Parliament, according to the lecturer, was never very robust, and its death is not even hinted at, as the sketch breaks off at the time of Swift.

**The Priesthood and the People.** By Frederick J. Foxton, A.B. Pp. 58. sd. 8vo. London: *Trübner & Co.* In this pamphlet, which is written with considerable vigour, the anarchy of opinion in the National Church

is strongly insisted on, and what Mr. Foxton calls the follies and inconsistencies of the Clergy meet with no mercy, whilst the Dissenting ministers come in for a fair share of the censure he pours out with so much warmth. The upshot of the whole, according to the author, is that modern preaching and the religious writings of popular ministers are not relished by the public, and hence the people, or those understood by the writer as the people, are outside all the churches.

**The Poetical Works of Thomas Aird.** Fourth Edition. Crown 8vo., 344 pp. Edinburgh and London: *Blackwood & Sons.*

A volume of poems that has reached the rare distinction of a fourth edition may be deemed to have established itself in popular favour beyond the reach of criticism. The popularity in this instance, we think, is mainly due, not to the long poems and dramatic pieces, but to such shorter pieces as "The Devil's Dream on Mount Akebeck" and "My Mother's Grave," which display considerable force of imagination and true feeling.

**Essays, Critical, Biographical, and Miscellaneous.** By S. F. Williams. 8vo. cl. pp. 312. London: *William Freeman.*

This volume seems to have received a good deal of praise from provincial critics. It may be stated, however, that it is written with very bad taste, and with very little knowledge of the subjects treated of. In the essay on Genius, Ossian is wearisome, "fanciful and courageous," and floats through the air with the lark, and laughs with the wind, and hisses with the hail, and kisses with the sunshine." This sort of writing is to be met with in every page of Mr. Williams's book.

**Giles Witherne; or, the Reward of Disobedience: a Village Tale for the Young.** By the Rev. J. P. Parkinson, D.C.L., late Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford. Sixth Edition. Illustrated by the Rev. F. Man, M.A. Sm. 4to., 50 pp. London: *Bell & Daldy.*

An excellent tale for children, well told in simple verse, and with appropriate illustrations. Very suitable for a juvenile gift book.

**Prayers, Texts, and Hymns, for those in Service.** By the Author of "Count up your Mercies," &c. London: *Emily Faithfull.* 1863. 8d.

A well-intentioned little book, but hardly above the average of the many books of prayers that are published now-a-days, and that is poor.

**The Sketch Book.** By Washington Irving. 16mo. pp. 443. London: *Bell & Daldy.*

A neat, well got-up pocket edition of one of the most delightful works in the English language, and, perhaps, the best, certainly the most popular, work of its accomplished author.

**Andrews (E. A., LL.D.)** Copious and Critical Latin—English Lexicon, founded on the larger Latin-German Lexicon of Dr. William Freund: with Additions and Corrections from the Lexicons of Gesner, Facciolati, Scheller, Georges, &c. New Edition. Royal 8vo., pp. xxvi—1663. *Low.* 18s.

**Anderson (William),** Practical Mercantile Correspondence, a Collection of Modern Letters of Business, with Notes Critical and Explanatory, and an Appendix. Twelfth Edition. Fcap. 8vo. pp. xxxii—279. *Trübner.* 5s.

**Amy's New Home; and Other Stories.** For Boys and Girls. 18mo. pp. 124. *Religious Tract Society.* 1s.

**Adams (W. Rev. M.A.)** Sacred Allegories. New Edition. With Portrait. Cr. 8vo. pp. 384. *Rivingtons.* 9s.

**Answer (An) to Mr. Falconer on the Assumption of Surnames without Royal Licence.** Cr. 8vo. sd. pp. 90. *Simpkin.* 1s.

**Balfour (Mrs. C. L.)** Retribution. Roy. 18mo. pp. 311. *Scottish Temperance League (Glasgow).* sd. 1s.; cl. 2s.

**Boutell (Charles, M.A.)** Manual of Heraldry, Historical and Popular. With 700 Illustrations. 8vo. pp. vi—427. *Winsor & Newton.* 10s. 6d.

**Bost.** History of the Moravians. By A. Bost, Geneva. Translated from the French, and Abridged. With an Appendix. A New Edition. Fcap. 8vo. pp. vii—407. *Religious Tract Society.* 3s. 6d.

**Commercial Code of Signals, with the British Vocabulary and Mercantile Navy List for 1863.** Edited by Larkins and Mayo. 8vo. *Mitchell.* 10s.

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